

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN. CHAPTER FIRST,	1
II. EVERGREEN COTTAGE; LINES. BY GEORGE W. ELLIOTT,	12
III. THE HEIR OF THE WORLD. BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO,	13
IV. AT NAHANT: STANZAS. BY T. B. ALDRICH,	32
V. TEHUANTEPEC: INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN ADVENTURER,	33
VI. THE POET'S LIFE: STANZAS,	36
VII. THE GARDEN OF MEMORY. BY GEORGE ARNOLD,	37
VIII. LETTERS FROM THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY,	38
IX. LINES: HOME VOICES,	46
X. A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES. BY FREDERICK S. COZZENS,	47
XI. FIRE-SIDE FANCIES. BY H. P. T. SPERRY,	55
XII. A FUNNY HORROR,	56
XIII. SOMETHING TO WORK FOR—SOMETHING TO DO. BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON,	61
XIV. THE HUT: WITH ILLUSTRATIONS. BY HENRY J. BRENT,	62
XV. A REVERIE: LINES. BY J. SWETT,	74
XVI. THE ROMAN CATACOMBS. BY JAMES W. WALL,	75
XVII. TO NELLIE: LINES. BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON,	80

LITERARY NOTICES.

1. RANDOM SKETCHES AND NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL IN 1856. BY REV. JOHN EDWARDS, A.M.,	82
2. OSTREA: OR LOVES OF THE OYSTERS: A LAY BY A. FISHE SHELLY, ESQ.,	84
3. PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.	87

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	88
1. A RARE IMPROVEMENT. 2. PATENT BACK-ACTION HEN-PERSUADER. 3. CIRCULAR TO THE PUBLIC. 4. SEWING-MACHINES. 5. INJURIES FROM THEIR CONSTANT USE. 6. CASE OF MRS. THOMPSON OF SEEKONK. 7. 'PHOENIX'S FELINE ATTACHMENT.' 8. HOW IT OPERATED: WITH AN ILLUSTRATION. 9. COST OF THE MACHINE. 10. HOW TO BE OBTAINED. 11. LETTER FROM THE ADMINISTRATOR OF THE LATE GILBERT SPHYNX. 12. MYTH OR SMYTH. 13. PHOENIX NOT TO BE FOUND. 14. ADVERTISE- MENT EXTRAORDINARY. 15. HABITS OF THE PHOENIX. 16. TUFTS CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE. 17. TRIES STARVING AND FREEZING. 18. VIEW FROM CEDAR-HILL COT- TAGE. 19. KITE-FLYING AGAIN. 20. TICKNOR AND FIELDS' EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. 21. SHARP CRITICISM BY MR. MEDDILL. 22. A POEM GREATLY IMPROVED. 23. ORIGIN OF HAIL COLUMBIA. 24. DINNER TO THE AMERICAN CONSUL AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA. 25. SPEECH OF A COLORED MEMBER OF THE ASSEMBLY. 26. ANSWER TO A SUBSCRIBER IN TONAWANDA. 27. DEATH OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN OF PITTSBURGH. 28. PORT CHESTER CORRESPONDENCE. 29. EXAM- INATION IN NATURAL HISTORY. 30. A FEW MORE INCHES. 31. ASCENT OF RED- HILL. 32. JUDGE STORY AND DANIEL WEBSTER. 33. MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE IN ROME. 34. A VISIT FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE 'HUT.' 35. SHARP CARD- PLAYING. 36. GOING IN BLIND. 37. A LOVER UP A TREE. 38. REPLY TO THETA. 39. PLAINFIELD, NEW-JERSEY. 40. CHARLES G. LELAND, ESQ. 41. ENCOURAGE- MENT OF EARLY PIETY. 42. OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD CELEBRATION.	
2. BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,	106

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1857, BY
SAMUEL HUESTON,
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

JOHN A. GRAY,
PRINTER,
16 & 18 Jacob Street, New-York.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. L.

JULY, 1857.

No. 1.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

My father was a Philadelphian by birth, and by profession a merchant in the 'double business,' that is, a retailer of beef and mutton. Although no politician, having never been either an office-holder or an office-seeker, he prided himself greatly on his patriotism, and used often to boast of his prowess in the late war with Great Britain, in every battle of which, to believe his own story, he had served with distinction.

Dear old gentleman! I can see him now, as he was wont to appear of summer evenings, seated on a chopping-block in front of his stall, with his glazed military cap cocked jauntily over his left eye-brow, his pipe in his mouth, and a glass of ale in his hand, surrounded by a half-dozen of his cronies. 'Gentlemen,' he would cry with animation, after holding forth an hour or more on his favorite topic, 'I always have said, and always will say, till I die, although we did get licked *some* at first, we beat them d——d Britishers in the *long run*;' the which assertion, as he was known to have served at Bladensburg, no one ever thought of contradicting. In fact, the remark was once quoted in a court of justice (before which my revered governor made a considerable figure at the time, he being the defendant in a case of sheep-stealing) as a proof of his unimpeachable veracity.

Next to his country, my father honored his calling; and he took an honest pride in selling his meat at a rate far exceeding the market valuation.

One morning, after he had disposed of a musty-looking leg of mutton to a shrivelled-up, knock-kneed, little Frenchman, I noticed a quiet smile stealing over his rubicund visage, which gradually gave way to a broad grin of satisfaction, as he beheld his customer vanishing in the distance. Well would it have been for him in this instance, however, to have born in mind the old adage, 'Let those laugh who win;' for his joy

was turned to sorrow soon afterward, when he espied the 'Crapaud' returning, followed by a crowd of the 'great unwashed,' all of whom were yelling like so many demons, and waving the odoriferous leg of mutton over his head like a mace: 'Sacre! God for dam, Mister Bu-s-h-a-r-e! what for you have sell me de dam smell meat—eh?' cried the irritated Frenchman.

'Mount S-e-e-r,' replied my father, speaking slowly and with emphasis, and taking no notice of the accusation in his indignation at the offensive appellation, 'I sell the meat; I take the money. I am no butcher!'

Whether it was mortification at the insult of the Frenchman, or disgust at the conduct of the mob that accompanied him, several members of which suggested tar-and-feathers as being applicable to 'his peculiar case,' which induced my beloved *pater* to relinquish his business, I could never ascertain; but certain it is, that after this eventful morning, he was seen no more at his stall.

For six days he walked about the city, revolving in his mind what course to pursue; on the seventh he was taken down with a fever, from which he never recovered. 'John,' said he, calling me to his bedside as he was dying, and placing my hand in that of my Aunt Polly, a virgin of forty summers, 'when I am gone, Polly will be your only relation in the wide world. Love and obey her; and remember, my boy, never do you have any dealings with a M-o-u-n-t S-e-e-r!' Then quoting poetry, for the last and only time in his life, he exclaimed at the top of his lungs:

'O JACK! I am floored by that ere bloody Frenchman!'

and immediately yielded up the ghost.

CHAPTER SECOND.

As soon as my father's remains were decently disposed of, I was removed to the residence of my aunt, a narrow, two-story dwelling on Second-street, below Pine, the lower floor of which was entirely occupied by a thread-and-needle store, from the proceeds of which the good woman, by dint of a little management, contrived to earn a respectable livelihood. In this humble retreat I passed tranquilly six years of my life, knowing no greater pangs than those inflicted by the schoolmaster's ferule, when, as ill-luck would have it, just as I had completed my fifteenth birth-day, Parson Jones, pastor of the church which my aunt was in the habit of attending quarterly, had the misfortune to lose his wife, whereat, as the parson was a hale, hearty fellow, well to do in the world, my aunt was greatly distressed, and in common with a dozen other spinsters of her own age, became suddenly impressed with the exceeding sinfulness of her ways, and joined the church.

From this time her house was given up entirely to prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and tea-drinkings. 'Old Hundred' was quavered in the shop, echoed in the parlor, and reëchoed in the garret; and as she and her pious coadjutors, the spinsters before mentioned, not content with

having gained an entrance into the fold for themselves, were determined to lug me in along with them, I can truly say I led a dog's life of it.

For a month or more, however, I succeeded in performing my Christian duties, to the satisfaction of all concerned, and I was already considered one of the faithful, when one unlucky night, after having passed a most glorious hour in listening to the soul-stirring melodies of a band of 'Ethiopian Serenaders,' (while my aunt thought me in my room poring over my lessons for the morrow,) I was called upon by a leading member of the holy sisterhood, to read for the edification of that body, assembled in the parlor, the third chapter of Daniel.

With a gravity befitting the solemn occasion, I repeated, for the twelfth time, the euphonious names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, while the song commemorative of their fate and of that of 'the good King David,' was continually ringing in my ears; but the thirteenth repetition was too much for me, and closing the book and covering my face with my hands, my sides fairly shook with suppressed merriment, which an occasional peep at the horrified countenances of the guests only served to increase, until finally, losing all command of myself, I fairly roared with laughter.

I leave you to imagine, gentle reader, the scene which followed. Monster! little villain! impious wretch! were epithets showered upon me from all quarters; in the midst of which my aunt dragged me to my room by the hair of my head, where, after administering to me a liberal allowance of cuffs, she left me to my reflections, while she returned to the parlor to conclude the evening services, by singing the first verse of the one hundred and fourteenth hymn:

'MERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
Oh! may each tender bosom move
When Mercy intercedes.'

At the breakfast-table the next morning, my aunt, with a very grave face, informed me that she could no longer keep so wicked a boy as myself under her roof, 'lest the earth should open and swallow us all up;' and that as she thought the discipline of a man-of-war might have a salutary effect upon me, she proposed taking me, that very day, to the 'Naval Rendezvous,' that I might be regularly shipped, according to law. As I had always entertained an ardent desire to 'follow the sea,' she could not possibly have communicated to me a more pleasing piece of intelligence, and my every pulse throbbed with a joyous excitement, when, after making a most elaborate toilet, that she might appear to advantage in the presence of the officers of the rendezvous, she announced her readiness to set forth for the accomplishment of 'her painful mission.'

We had proceeded but little more than a square from the house, being just about to turn into Front-street from Pine, when we fell in with the Honorable Mr. Weathercock, member elect from the seventh Congressional District, who being deep in my aunt's books for 'sundries' furnished his wife and daughters, made her a most respectful salutation:

'A fine morning, Madam! Bless me! how your nephew has grown! What a comfort he must be to you now!'

‘Alas! Mr. Weathercock,’ replied my aunt, in a plaintive tone, shaking her head mournfully from side to side as she spoke: ‘I find John so unmanageable that I have determined to send him to sea.’

The honorable gentleman, who had never taken his eyes from my face during the continuance of this eulogium upon my character, seemed ‘struck with a bright idea’ at its close. Stepping close up to my aunt, he whispered eagerly in her ear.

‘Nonsense!’ I heard her say, ‘it can’t be procured.’

‘I tell you it can — great influence — no trouble about it. Say the word and it’s done! Come now, is it a bargain? Speak quick! Yes, or no?’

‘Yes, then, with all my heart; but when will I receive it?’

‘In a fortnight at farthest. You understand the terms, Madam? a receipt in full, and fifty dollars down; and recollect, above all things, mum’s the word!’

So saying, Mr. Weathercock raised his hat gracefully from his head and described a half-circle with it in the air; after which he strode majestically toward the wharves, for the ostensible purpose of thoroughly posting himself up in all matters relating to the shipping interests of his constituents; but in reality, to partake of a liberal allowance of ‘old London particular,’ with a ship-master of his acquaintance in the Liverpool trade; while my aunt, throwing her arms about my neck, declared, in a broken voice, that I ‘was born to be the honor of the family.’ Then, seizing me by the hand and turning to the right about, with the precision of a grenadier, to my grief and astonishment, she hurried me home as fast as her spinster legs could carry her.

For the ten days which followed, I was like one in a dream; my aunt embraced me, on an average, at least ten times an hour, never forgetting to preface each embrace with a few eloquent words, relative to the amount of lustre I was destined to shed on the family arms; and instead of conversing with her ‘sisters in the spirit,’ as heretofore, concerning the godliness of Methodists in general, and of Parson Jones in particular, and the ungodliness of all other Christian denominations whatsoever, which she considered in a rather more benighted state than the heathen, she now discoursed of nothing save pistols and carbines, carronades and long-guns, shot and shell, until I began actually to entertain the idea that my poor aunt had gone mad from religious excitement, and, Æneas-like, contemplated a descent into hell, fully bent upon carrying the dominions of his Satanic majesty, sword in hand. But stranger than all this, was the conduct of the sisters. They, with whom it had always been, ‘John, do this! John, do that!’ now treated me with the most ceremonious politeness. And one stormy evening, when I offered to escort the eldest of the flock, Miss Sally Smuggins, to her home, in Vine-street, she actually blushed up to her eyelids, at the same time crying out: ‘La, Mr. Jenkins, you officers are so polite, but what would the world say?’ If at this moment the earth had thought proper to fly off at a tangent to the moon, or the waggish ‘comick,’ spoken of by the immortal Pepper, had had the impudence to shake its tail in my face, the state of amazement into which I was thrown by this remark would not have been heightened a whit

All that night I lay awake on my bed, vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery which surrounded me, and I really believe I should soon have become as crazy as I supposed my aunt to be, had not an Œdipus, in the shape of the postman, appeared the next morning, who solved the enigma by placing in my hands a document, inclosed in a yellow envelope, which read as follows :

‘Navy Department, December 20th, 1841.

‘SIR: You are hereby appointed an acting midshipman in the Navy of the United States, and if your commanding officer shall, after six months of actual service at sea, report favorably of your character, talents, and qualifications, a warrant will be given to you, bearing the date of this letter, etc., etc., etc. I am, respectfully, etc.,

‘HENRY BLUEBOTTLE.

‘Acting Midshipman JOHN JENKINS, of Pennsylvania.’

The ecstasy of feeling which I experienced upon perusing this appointment it is not in the power of pen to describe. I laughed, hurraed, and cried by turns. At length, when my excitement had subsided somewhat, my aunt harangued me, at great length, on the awful responsibility of my office, ‘the whole honor of the nation,’ as she expressed it, ‘being intrusted to my care!’ ‘And perhaps, Jack,’ she concluded by saying, ‘you may one of these days be a ‘Commydore,’ and then, some people I could mention, who now hold their heads very high, will be glad to get a nod from you even.’

‘Yes indeed, aunt,’ replied I, ‘and who knows but we may have a war with France, and then won’t I give it to them M-o-u-n-t S-e-e-r-s!’

In such pleasant converse did we while away the time, until the State-house clock, sounding the hour of ten, reminded me of the disagreeable fact that I was late for school. Starting up in alarm, I seized my satchel, and was about hurrying off, when I was, fortunately, recalled to a sense of the dignity of my position, by my aunt’s telling me that ‘now, being an officer and a gentleman, I would never, of course, have occasion to open another book as long as I lived;’ so, replacing the satchel on the shelf where it usually lay, I left the house, with her approbation, and sauntered leisurely to the school, where, after reading my appointment to the boys, I took leave of them and my master, Mr. Kreutzer, in due form.

To say farewell to my school-fellows cost me no tears; but, I must confess, I felt a choking sensation in the throat, when I was about parting with my good preceptor, who, apart from a few sound flagellations administered to me, for trying some innocent and highly interesting experiments in blood-letting, with a crooked pin, had always treated me with remarkable lenity and kindness. He was a simple-hearted man; about six feet tall, with red hair and freckled face; who always wiped his pens with the tail of his coat, and his fingers on the seat of his ‘unmentionables,’ which, from long service, had become coated with a sort of glazed paste, that on Sundays and holidays, when he did nothing but rub it, shone with all the brilliancy of one of Berg’s calf-skin boots, after coming from the hands of that prince of boot-blacks, Henry Coulter. Having never in his life been able to muster up resolution

enough to cross a river, he entertained the greatest admiration for the navigators of the ocean ; and he was in the constant habit of introducing to all visitors of the school one of his scholars of the name of Smith, whose sire had 'weathered both Capes,' as 'the boy whose father had actually been around the world.' 'You may never,' I heard him once say to the Governor of our State, who was present at one of our public exhibitions, 'before have heard the name of this little boy, John Smith, but that of his father — a hardy mariner, who, like the great Anson, has circumnavigated the globe — can hardly have escaped the notice of so eminent a person as your Excellency.'

For him there was but one book in the world, and that *was* 'Riley's Narrative.' Morning, noon, and night he perused its sacred pages, and his house-keeper, who every one said ought to be well informed on the subject, declared he carried it to bed with him. Be this as it may, the 'Knight of the rueful visage' was never half so much taken with his works on knight-errantry, as the worthy pedagogue with this book of marvels. 'John,' said he to me, the first day I came under his tuition, squaring himself in his chair, and raising his spectacles from his nose as he spoke, 'did you ever read Riley's Narrative ?'

'I never did.'

'It is a most *wonderful* production !'

And now, as I stood shaking him by the hand for the last time, he looked me full in the eyes and said : 'And so, John, you are going to leave us : never forget, my boy, your *propria quæ maribus*, and remember night and morning to read Riley's — of course I mean your Bible.'

This was the last time I was destined to meet him on earth. A few months later, and he lay stretched upon the bed of death. When apprised by his pastor that his dissolution was near at hand, he desired, in a few feeble words, that his scanty effects might be equally distributed between his house-keeper and the father of John Smith. Then, folding his hands on his breast, he said calmly : 'I am prepared ; I have always endeavored to do my duty by the boys, and ever placed my whole faith in ——' here his utterance becoming indistinct, there was for years a bitter dispute between those who were present at his decease, as to what his last words were ; but my aunt, who was nearest his pillow, stoutly maintained, to her dying day, that they were no other than 'Riley's Narrative.'

CHAPTER THIRD.

As I was now in daily expectation of being ordered to sea, my aunt's whole attention was occupied in procuring my outfit, which, to do the dear woman justice, was liberal in the extreme, and all paid for from the meagre earnings of her own industry ; and when, at length, the wished-for mandate came, directing me to 'proceed without delay to New-York, and report to the Commodore of the station, for duty on board the United States Frigate 'Shenandoah,' I was about as 'well found' a middy, as any in the service of this 'model republic.'

It being considered by my aunt of vital importance that I should be

prompt in obeying orders, my wardrobe was hastily packed, and in less than four hours from the receipt of the honorable Secretary's missive, I had taken an affectionate leave of her — not without many tears on both sides — and was comfortably seated in car B of the Camden and Amboy Rail-road, dressed in full uniform, and speeding onward, toward my place of destination, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. I had proceeded as far as Amboy, without noticing, or being noticed by any body that I am aware of, being entirely wrapped up in visions of future glory, and was about stepping aboard the Company's steamer at that place, for transportation to the 'Empire City,' when some one, pulling me by the sleeve from behind, called out : 'I say, youngster, where are you bound ?'

Looking back, I beheld a tall, handsome fellow, about eighteen years of age, clad in the 'undress' of a midshipman, whose dark eyes and olive complexion bespoke his Southern origin. 'I am not *bound* anywhere !' I answered sharply, thinking the remark a reflection on my tailor ; 'my clothes are as loose as yours are.' At this he burst into a horse-laugh, in which, to my great surprise and perplexity, many of the passengers joined ; and I was about turning away to conceal the annoyance and mortification I felt at being thus made an object of ridicule, when, laying his hand on my shoulder, he drew me gently toward him, saying : 'Come, come, youngster, I meant not to offend you : I merely asked you, in nautical parlance, where you were going.'

There was something so irresistibly winning in the rich, manly tones of his voice as he said this, that my irritation subsided at once, and, going with him to a retired part of the boat, I gave him a detailed account of myself, from my earliest recollections up to that very hour, only omitting (in consideration of the injunction to secrecy, laid upon my aunt by the honorable Mr. Weathercock) to mention the means by which I came by my appointment.

After I had finished my narration, he informed me that he also was on his way to join the 'Shenandoah,' and that, as he had already made one cruise, he would look out for me on board ship, and teach me 'the ropes.' 'And now let me commence my office of Mentor,' he continued, impressively, 'by charging you never to reveal to another what you have just told me, concerning your father and aunt. My reasons for telling you this, I cannot now explain ; but you will doubtless discover them before you are a year older in the service.'

Although all this was Greek to me, I readily promised compliance with his wishes, since I felt that a man who had had the extreme felicity of 'making one cruise,' must be fully qualified to give good advice on any and every subject.

'By the way,' said he abruptly, after we had conversed awhile on indifferent topics, 'although you have told me your whole history, you have never once mentioned your name. Mine is Harry Fearless — and yours ?'

'John Jenkins, at your service,' I answered smiling.

'The devil you say !' he cried with a surprised look. 'Then you are the John Jenkins appointed through the influence of a member of Congress, named Weathercock ?'

‘Precisely so ; but how came you by this information ?’

‘Look at this, and you will see.’

Suiting the action to the word, he handed me a paper entitled the ‘*Philadelphia Evening Democrat*,’ in which, under the head of ‘Honor to whom honor is due,’ I read the following most extraordinary announcement :

‘Never, during our editorial experience, has it fallen to our lot to record a more touching instance of disinterested kindness on the part of one of our representatives to Congress, than the one which we are now about to mention.

‘It seems that, about three weeks ago, as the Honorable Mr. Weathercock was passing through Front-street, on his way to the wharves, (whither, it may be observed in this connection, he is in the daily habit of repairing, in quest of information relative to the commercial interests of this great city,) his attention was drawn to a delicate but very beautiful and interesting looking female in widow’s weeds, who, leading by the hand a manly youth, was about entering the door of the Naval Rendezvous.

‘Struck with the appearance of both mother and son — for such he could not doubt they were — so different from that of the grog-drinking, tobacco-spitting tars who surrounded them, Mr. Weathercock approached and respectfully inquired of the lady ‘what possible business she could have there ;’ whereupon, moved by his benevolent aspect, and still more by the blandness of his manner, the unfortunate woman narrated to him her piteous tale of suffering and wo. Strange to relate, for ‘truth is stranger than fiction,’ she is the relict of the late General Jenkins, who, after serving with honor in many hard-fought battles of our last war with England, lost a leg in a heroic but vain attempt to rally the troops under his command at Bladensburg. Thus disabled, he returned to this, his native city, where he lived in great seclusion on his small patrimony, entirely neglected by his ungrateful country, and growing poorer day by day. At his decease, which took place some ten years ago, his widow, finding herself almost penniless, endeavored to turn her numerous accomplishments to account, for the support of herself and a dear little cherub of the age of five years, by opening a school of instruction in music, drawing, and dancing. For many years she succeeded well in this ; but her lungs of late having become affected, she has been compelled to give up her school, and accept the situation of governess in the family of a Louisiana planter ; and as she cannot take her son with her to her new home, she determined to ship him as an ‘apprentice boy ;’ she, like many others, being deluded into the belief that the apprentices on board of our national vessels are (as they unquestionably should be) eligible to promotion.

‘As soon as Mr. Weathercock had heard this affecting story, he said to the poor widow : ‘Take your son home and be of good cheer, for I will look out for his interests.’ That very afternoon saw him on his way to Washington, and in a week he returned with a midshipman’s appointment for the high-spirited boy, (whose name, by the way, is the same as his father’s, John,) which he presented to Mrs. Jenkins, with

many injunctions to secrecy as to his agency in the matter, which, we are proud to say, her gratitude has compelled her to disregard.

Our readers may rely upon the truth of this statement, as we had it from the lips of the fair widow herself. Such acts of benevolence should not be allowed to pass without notice, and we trust that measures will be immediately taken by some of our prominent citizens, to raise a subscription for the purchase of a service of plate, or other suitable memorial, to be presented to the Honorable Mr. Weathercock, as a slight token of the public's appreciation of his meritorious and generous conduct.

1 P.M. — Just as we are going to press, we learn that Midshipman Jenkins sets out in the two o'clock train for New-York, under orders to the magnificent frigate 'Shenandoah,' and that he carries with him the war-worn sword of his father, the late lamented General !'

During the reading of this Munchausen narrative, I kept a pretty straight face, until I came to the concluding paragraph, when I indulged in so hearty a fit of laughter that my companion (so he said afterward) feared I would be thrown into convulsions. When I had recovered my self-command sufficiently to be enabled to converse, he questioned me so closely as to what foundation the editor had for so stupendous a fabrication, that I opened my whole heart to him, and repeated to him, word for word, the conversation I had over-heard between my aunt and Mr. Weathercock ; whereupon he laughed ten times longer and louder than I had done, at the same time indulging in various epithets, by no means complimentary to the character, political or otherwise, of the *Honorable Mr. Weathercock*.

By this time we had reached the city ; so, jumping into a coach, we drove to the Astor-House, and took a room together, with two beds in it, where, after we had supped, my companion left me, while he went to call on some of his acquaintances who were stopping at another hotel. Fatigued with my journey, I retired at an early hour ; and, soon sinking into a deep sleep, I dreamed that after serving some ten years in the Navy, (during all which time, of course, a desperate war was being waged by the United States against the 'Mount Seers,') I was promoted to the exalted rank of 'Commydore,' and appointed to the command of a fleet of a thousand vessels, with strict orders to ravage the coast of France, to 'burn, sink, and destroy' all her shipping, and finally to put the whole French nation to the sword, without distinction of age or sex. I had succeeded in performing this arduous duty, and returned to my country, covered with glory, anchoring just at night-fall in the harbor of New-York ; and was in the very act of stepping out of my barge at the Battery-landing, where a torch-light procession was in waiting to escort me to the City-Hall, when I was awakened by hearing Fearless call out : 'Take care, Hart, or you'll set fire to the bed-clothes.'

Opening my eyes, I saw a short, square-built fellow who, holding a candle very close to my face, was evidently bent upon getting a good view of my physiognomy.

'Hallo ! ship-mate, so you are awake, are you ?' said he, good-humoredly. 'Come, rouse up and take a drink with us !'

'No, no, Hart,' chimed in another voice; 'he's too young for that. Resume your seat, and let's finish the game. I say, Jones, what's trumps?'

As the candle-holder complied with this request, I raised myself in bed, and saw, to my astonishment and horror, (for we had no such doings at my aunt's,) a table in the centre of the room, covered with bottles and segars, around which Fearless was seated with three of his brother-mids, (Hart included,) playing cards.

They seemed to be enjoying themselves exceedingly, and when I again fell asleep, which was not until day began to peep in through the shutter, they were all a considerable distance 'over the bay,' and singing, or rather yelling, with great spirit and gusto, that beautiful and touching ballad concerning the romantic adventures of a French gentleman with an English lady, the first verse of which runs thus :

'I AM one Français gentil homme,
Just come over from de France:
Dare I meet dat English lady,
She teach me de English dance,
Rum, tum, ta! rum, tum, ta!
Toosh, fa, larro! toosh, fa, la!'

At nine that morning, when I arose, the whole party were snoring away at a tremendous rate — Hart being in my bed, and the other two comfortably stretched out by the side of Fearless — and it was full ten minutes before I could shake them into a state of consciousness. When I had succeeded in doing so, however, they jumped up with alacrity; and although nearly in that state of nudity which the Spaniards denominate *en carnes*, or *en cueros*, insisted upon dancing for my amusement, what I, in my ignorance, supposed to be a Negro 'break-down,' but which was, in reality — so they were pleased to inform me — a 'regular South-American war-dance.' After this, one of them rang the bell for the waiter, and upon his obeying the summons, said to him authoritatively, 'Bring us up a little of the hair of the dog that bit us;' and I was on the point of exposing my verdancy, by making some inquiries relative to the size of the dog, which I thought must have been a very large one to have bitten them all, when the waiter — a son of the Emerald Isle — asked, with a knowing leer: 'And what sort of hair, an may it plaze your honors, shall I be afther bringing yez, at all, at all?'

Whereupon they exclaimed, in a breath: 'Gin cock-tails strong, and bear a hand about it, my lad!'

The cock-tails being disposed of, Fearless introduced the strangers to me after the most approved style, to wit: 'Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Jones; Mr. Smith, Mr. Jenkins; Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Hart.'

Casting a scrutinizing glance at the two first-named gentlemen, I observed that they were modelled pretty much on Hart's lines, being thick-set, full-sterned fellows, built rather with a view to capacity for stowage, than quickness of locomotion. All of them had served three years, and were now under orders to the 'Shenandoah.'

After breakfast we proceeded together to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, and reported, agreeably to our instructions, to the Commodore, who,

after writing on our orders, 'Report forthwith on board the 'Shenandoah,' to Captain Blazes,' told us *our* vessel was lying off the Battery, but that we could take passage to her in 'the launch,' which was then at the Yard after a load of bread and small stores, which we accordingly did.

As the launch (which, to my surprise, proved to be nothing more than a large boat) was heavily laden, and the tide running strong against us, the pull to the ship was a very heavy one; so, to lighten their labors, the midshipman in charge of the boat, gave permission to 'the men' to sing; upon which they regaled our ears with at least a dozen of the most popular sea-songs of the day, concluding with one, (which I afterward found to be a great favorite among seamen,) where the singers are two — the one (taking for his theme whatever comes uppermost in his mind) making some statement; the other asking a question in relation to it, to which the first replies — the whole boat's crew joining in the chorus. In the present instance it was as follows:

'Oh! I do love that good, old bottle!
 Row, bullies, row!
 Oh! I do love that good, old bottle!
 Row, my bullies, row?
 Why do you love that good, old bottle?
 Row, bullies, row!
 Why do you love that good, old bottle?
 Row, my bullies, row!
 I love it 'cause it suits my throttle!
 Row, bullies, row!
 I love it 'cause it suits my throttle!
 Row, my bullies, row!'

After singing five more verses in the same elegant strain, we happened to pass a bum-boat, in which were seated a fat, old white woman and a negro boy, whereupon the singers roared out with great glee, and in a higher key than before:

'Yonder sits a dear old lady!
 Row, bullies, row!
 Yonder sits a dear old lady!
 Row, my bullies, row!
 How do you know she is a lady?
 Row, bullies, row!
 How do you know she is a lady?
 Row, my bullies, row!
 I know her by her nigger baby!
 Row, bullies, row!
 I know her by her nigger baby!
 Row, my ———'

'In bows! way enough!' shouted the officer of the boat, thus uncere- moniously cutting short the song. 'Now, gentlemen, let me show you the way up!'

The next moment, with my eyes staring out of my head, my heart in my mouth, and my brain filled with speculations as to the singular mode possessed by mariners, of discovering a lady even in the humble garb of a boat-woman, behold me upon the quarter-deck of the frigate 'Shenandoah,' and thus, of a truth, fairly 'launched' on my naval career!

EVERGREEN COTTAGE.

I.

OH! a dear little home is my 'Evergreen Cottage,'
 That peeps from the trees on a corner alone :
 All the joys of my past life, I care not of what age,
 Were naught to the pleasures that here I have known :
 Still, a hut with my darlings, though far in the wild-wood,
 I doubt not could fondly be cherished by me.
 For no home have I known since my earliest childhood,
 Save Nature's broad mansion, the earth and the sea.

II.

'Mid its five city-lots gleams my neat Gothic dwelling ;
 Smooth white pebble walks through th' enchanted grounds run :
 And in rich, fragrant beds flowers' gay bosoms are swelling,
 With pearls of dew sparkling, when kissed by the sun :
 O'er the main walk an arbor of peach trees is pending :
 The bee in its blossoms his dainty meal sips :
 Luscious fruit, with the warm tints of gold and pink blending,
 Here mellows by autumn, then melts on the lips.

III.

O'er the high trellis, up to my bright chamber-window,
 Comes creeping in silence the dark, tearful vine :
 Brings her offspring in clusters, with cheeks like the Hindoo,
 Hearts pure but stony, for conversion — to wine :
 The proud fir-trees in front, clad in brilliant green armor,
 Relieved by young maples through summer's long day,
 Guard the queen of my castle, that no ill may harm her,
 While I, the blest monarch, am toiling away.

IV.

The rude Storm-King has chanted his loud, wailing ditty,
 Base thunders applauding again and again :
 Then has wept — for admission. To touch me with pity,
 He, freezing, with frost-brush has pictured each pain !
 Though earth lay in her shroud, I was unmoved by sorrow,
 So rapt with my MARY and light-hearted child,
 That I heeded him not! — then I knew by the morrow,
 He'd flee to cloud-caverns, ghou!-haunted and wild.

V.

Here a true, hearty welcome is ever extended
 To kindred and friends, to the glad child of song :
 Here are alms and a blessing for want, old and bended :
 Here balm is distilled for the heart pierced by wrong.
 Should I sigh for a home when here Time's crushing finger
 Is laid, I will turn to where none else may see,
 Find the sunniest corner in memory, and linger,
 Enraptured, sweet 'Evergreen Cottage,' in thee.

Long Island, May, 1857.

GEORGE W. ELLIOTT.

The Heir of the World :

OR HOW THE YOUNG MAN CAME TO HIS INHERITANCE.

BY C. CHESBROUGH.

'A BRUTISH man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this.'

ROBERT FESSENDEN walked on velvet carpets, very gay with flowers, until he came to his twentieth year, when the smooth path which he had trodden with the careless step of entire security, ended suddenly.

From garret to basement of the six-story house, the carpets were torn up, the dust was shaken from them, they went to the auction-rooms, and the young man stepped from the dismantled mansion to walk on the bare earth. In that pilgrimage, that bare-foot pilgrimage, as it might be called, he was alone, his father and mother having both died during the last year of disaster and ruin.

He had fancied himself the heir of a vast estate. Being disabused of that notion, he was compelled, for the first time, to question, in the very consternation of doubt, what he should do. It is one thing to ask this, as he had been in the habit of doing, with the feeling that time, impertinently obtrusive on his hands, was to be got rid of; and quite another, to ask it in the stern assurance of unrelenting certainty, that bread is to be earned before it shall be eaten.

Circumstances, though they do not ordain, do manifestly develop. And, to all appearance, they had developed in Robert Fessenden what one may see any day, by looking in almost any direction.

An indolent youth, more than boy, less than man; luxurious, effeminate, proud, presuming; not a very hopeful young life; for obvious reasons, not a promising one.

Robert had lived in too warm a house for his soul's health. But now that he was houseless, would the strength enfeebled be restored? He had fed too constantly on dainties; but now that banqueting was over, would the change of diet change the habit of the patient? He had heard, HEAVEN knows what amount of idle talk; handled and squandered, starving poverty could best feel, how much money; and eternity alone could bring in the solemn testimony to the time that he had wasted.

So Robert Fessenden, Junior, looked, talked, conducted himself; the reader knows the manner as well as the writer. And I trust his knowledge comes from observation, not experience. But what he thought, this youth, what *he* thought of life, what he felt and purposed — that was not so easily discerned. For in respect to these points, there was a vast vagueness in his own mind. A stern-eyed discernor of the youth would have characterized him as shallow, selfish, cowardly. Only Charity, with her fine, far-penetrating glance, could have pierced beneath these traits; and would her eyes have detected any thing more hopeful

than shallowness, and selfishness, and cowardice? Not from a momentary observation, certainly.

The senior Robert Fessenden had insulted the world by his career; so the world said, now that the man was dead, and a bankrupt in death. He was dead; he was buried. But actually done with, does any body think—as a beast is dead and done with—a tiger, or a fox? No! he was living yet. A memory; an influence; a ghost to haunt his son; an angry memory for creditors. *They* neither forgot nor forgave him. And in testimony thereof, they looked their curses and contempt into the face of his representative on earth.

Thus it was that the dead man was alive again. Such men as he may be laid away in their vault, to the general regret, or universal satisfaction, as the case may be; but who thinks that they stay there; that the essential self which made use of hands and feet for the execution of human purposes, is indeed clean gone out of the world? This was not true of Fessenden. He did not rest in his vault of stone and iron; though verily a certain body of death did. He came back to the world, the world busy in dishonoring his memory; came back to his son, came back to say, with a command that had entreaty in it: ‘Avenge me of mine adversary, my false fortune.’ To say: ‘Forty years I toiled. The fortune was surely mine by right of possession. I built my house upon a good foundation; all the world called it honorable. But the winds came, and then disaster. Avenge me of that evil gale of fortune.’

The son, in the retirement to which he had retreated, in the hiding-place which he had sought for concealment of his shame, heard this voice. He heard it day after day, speaking now with vehement wrath, and now with ancient pride, and now with tearful supplication: ‘Take away my reproach. Give me my place. Build up the fallen fortune. Stop the mouths of slanderers. Be what my son should be.’

But how fulfil these requirements? What shall a young man do to be saved from the necessary influences of his training? Do you expect a kingly oak to grow from the alanthus germ? or does the seed you plant bear fruit of its own kind? Unless there was something in the youth beside what had been drawn out by his foolish life of show, could he be, in his fallen fortune, otherwise than profitless and wretched? Does the Ethiopian change his skin? can the leopard change his spots?

There seemed, in the first days of the ruin, nothing in the soul of Robert to which the father’s voice could successfully appeal. He was lost to sense of all except his own overwhelming losses. No eye could see him; no ear could hear; and he wept and groaned without rebuke or shame.

He feared, he had been taught to fear, nothing so much as the disfavor of men; the averted faces of former companions. And now all men were against him. And really, what would you expect him to do but weep? Him, I say; I speak of Robert Fessenden, not of another man. Think what his training had been. Think what his expectations were. He was like any petted girl. And what maiden, dealt with as he had been, would not weep at a reverse of fortune?

But the seclusion, the solitude in which he kept himself, and his

straitened circumstances, compelled Robert finally to cease from tears and groaning; and then what was there for him to do but listen to the ghostly wailing of his father? And listening to that, from an unknown depth, a voice responded, far off and unintelligible, and he listened, as one in agonized suspense, to discover what it was within him that answered to his father, and to learn the answer also. Was it indeed his hand that would nerve itself to avenge that memory? Was it indeed his spirit that stirred with a purpose to achieve something, any thing in this life?

But what could Robert do? He folded his arms to consider that question, perplexed beyond all perplexity he had ever felt or imagined. He despaired of ever solving it; but despaired to hope again. Days came and they went without bringing a ray of light to him; but still the spirit struggled, and groped, and muttered, and groaned, until at last the voice said: 'What is there for you here? No man will trust you. Go down to the country; begin where your father began. He made his own fortune; retrieve that. Build up the fallen house. Show these base fools that the father's life is in the son. What! are you not aware that it is only your lost fortune that you need to recover in order to stop the mouths of slanderous paragraphists, and make them cringe to you? Are you blind, boy, that you cannot see your course?'

So it came to pass that Robert Fessenden went down into the country, not for the first time; he had summered at the springs, by the seaside, and among the mountains. But now he went as he never went before. For youthful elasticity he had never been remarkable; but now, as he went with his new, proud resolution, it was a heavy weight to him.

Not for summer sport, not for inexorable fashion's sake, went he. But as an exile; all his aspirations tending in one direction; every purpose pointing to one achievement.

Heirs of the world are all born into it. But Robert Fessenden had no perception of this fact. An heir has his possessions — something to show the world, houses, lands, or stock, or gold; so Robert would have reasoned; but he had nothing. He was a very, very poor young man; he owned nothing in the world. Possessions he had been wont to consider his own, had suddenly passed into other hands. He was only unlike the myriad of disappointed plaintiffs, who were hurried away to the grave before their petitions are half heard, in this, that a chance of a hearing remained. But it looked like a desperate chance to him.

Going into the country did not change his views in respect to these things. The varied scenery he passed through relieved not the monotony of his thoughts; he was nursing his wounded pride along the troubled way, and calling God and man to an account for their punishment of the laws which had been broken.

The path of his travel lay across land and water; through the region of millions of hopes and enterprises; but he kept to his one thought, one hope, one enterprise, as a timid child clings to the nurse's hand; as the threader of labyrinths to his clue. How vast that thought was to him, and yet how really narrow! but to him, by no possible comparison, could it be made to appear small.

So he sat in the corner of the rail-car, or walked the deck of the steam-vessel, wrapped in his purposes, muffled by them out of sight, out of reach of all the world.

Men, women, and children, came near him, and went by unseen, unheard. He was the one man of the world. The aim of every other was simple and easily attained; but how mighty was his! and what Herculean labors before all should be accomplished! This phase of feeling was better than that which admitted the girl's tears perhaps; because there was at least a prospect, that in his struggle he might come to some true perception of the things of life; but it was all doubtful at best.

The sun rose and set upon that journey many times; the moon came, and disappeared again; the stars likewise. The travellers went, and the traveller, past towns and hamlets; past wide tracts of land untouched yet by labor. Along that road-side wild flowers bloomed abundantly, and forest streams ran in their own ways at their own will; rich farm-lands, country houses, rural grave-yards, and churches on the hill-tops; peaceable little villages, minding their own business; busy towns, attending to the world's concerns; great tracts of woodland; past all these they went, the rushing cars and the steam-vessel; but the traveller saw them not. He could afford to dispense with the sun-lit earth, the moon-lit sky; these were nothing to him; but at the end of his journey was one human being, on whose will he was pending his whole future career, and there he looked to find the work to which he stood prepared to give his mortal life.

What was he anticipating in exchange for those years? Something less, it might prove, than the squirrel, hopping from branch to branch, possessed; for he had enjoyment of the creation of God so far as he could perceive it.

But Robert Fessenden went like a beggar. He had nothing, who might have possessed all things. Nothing, forsooth, because he was not standing idle, questioning how time might be endured and squandered. A beggar indeed; heir of neither earth nor heaven. Such was not the poverty of Lazarus at Dives' gate.

THE banker to whom Fessenden went, the early friend and partner of the elder Fessenden, was living in an unpretending house, on an unfashionable street, with no show of affluence around him. He was a quiet man, and enjoyed life in its quiet ways. But he was likewise a man of power, whose influence was none the less certain and real, because it moved without pretence and noise. When he said, 'Do this,' to the clerks of his counting-room, or to bankers in distant parts of the country, or to the multitude of small men who were anxious for his orders, the command became a deed for record.

The banker had never married. His foster-sister lived with him in his quiet home, quiet in her life as he. Through those windows no great blaze of light ever fell upon the walk below, or on the building opposite. The banker spent his evenings reading by a drop-light,

while his sister sat on the other side and sewed. It was a rare event when either of them departed from this course ; a rare thing that visitors disturbed them. But there was always room for another before the coal-grate of the drawing-room ; it was not inhospitality that excluded any, but this was the way of life contracted there, and however much a change of habit would have benefited either the brother or sister, such a change would never take place by their own exertion. They were too well satisfied with their comfortable way of life.

In the rear of the unpretending building was a garden, glowing with beauty six months of the year ; it was the joy of the banker's heart ; here he found all the poetry of life ; here he threw off all cares, and walked, a simple-hearted man, with reverent, glad heart, like a child, before the beloved presence of Nature. Here he forgot that he was a banker, a rich man, whose favor was sought because of his riches : he was a loving-hearted man here, humble and holy. The garden was a Paradise to him, a feast, a continual refreshment, a private garden : but no one that could rejoice in or profit by its beauty, was ever excluded from it.

Augustus Sidell was growing old : the stoop in his shoulders committed him : he was not far from seventy years by that. But his step was still firm, his eye clear ; his decision and energy were perhaps moderated from their ancient vigor, but his mind as equal to the labor demanded of it, as it was half a century ago. His business among men had been that of a silent worker, and so well had he performed it that he stood out in grand relief among the best men of business ; eminent for ability among the capable. A sterling man and true, who, each day of his life, justified the power he held, the place he occupied. Through his long career, not a shadow had ever fallen on any work of his ; in times of panic the people kept their confidence in him ; and what he said was quoted and believed, without ever a question.

With those calm black eyes, which had made their study of men so long a time, Augustus Sidell looked up when the son of his old friend was shown into his parlor. He rose at the sound of Robert's name, and stepped forward with a rapidity that showed the heartiness of the welcoming words he said, and took the hand of Fessenden with a cordial grasp, that must have nerved the courage of the youth.

But the value of this welcome, grateful as the welcome itself might be, was to be tested. It had no independent value to Robert ; the smile and the word were nothing, if they did not include occupation, assistance, direction. With this feeling, not so well concealed as it might have been, the young man sat down to confer with the old.

He lost no time in accounting for his appearance there, and though there was something in his directness and anxiety, that jarred the tranquillity of the old man's spirit, Mr. Sidell was, or believed himself to be, gratified by the confidence which seemed to dictate the abruptly-spoken words :

'I have come here, Sir, to look for employment in the country, where my father began business. I came to you for advice, and I am not ashamed to say, for assistance. You know how it has ended with us.'

'I have heard,' said the banker ; and sympathy and sadness were in

the voice of the gray-haired man as he looked seriously upon the youth. Though this tribute were a waste, still he could not withhold it.

‘Did I right in coming here? in trusting you?’ asked Robert, encouraged to go on by the old man’s word.

‘What do you purpose doing?’

‘Going to work, Sir,’ answered Robert with a promptness and readiness that surprised and pleased himself.

‘Have you ever worked before?’

‘You can imagine how much. In the office, Sir, or out, as it happened. But my books were kept well, so far as they were kept, my father always said.’

‘He knew,’ answered the banker. ‘I will try you myself. You want to support yourself, I suppose. Any thing more?’

‘To begin where he did; but not to end in the same place, Sir. One notch short, if resolution can do it.’

This honest statement seemed to please the questioner. He began at once to hope for the youth, according to his custom. So, hopeful, he was always for those in whose fortune he was interested.

‘Resolution has done a good many fine things,’ said he; ‘but not alone. Never alone, I take it. It requires more than resolution.’ He looked at the young man with serious questioning in his eyes, and Robert promptly assented to the proposition.

‘If we can suit each other,’ said Mr. Sidell, ‘I shall be very glad that you came down here. I can make room for you, and find enough for you to do. Shame if I could not, for the son of my old friend. I read of what had happened; it was a heavy blow. Did he understand what was going to happen, do you think? Did your father?’

‘I think he feared, but he could not have known,’ replied Robert Fessenden. ‘I am sure he could not have known. He said to me one day: ‘It will be a tight squeeze to get through this heat.’ But I had heard him say the same twenty times before. When it came the doctors said he might have had the fit just as likely, if the crisis had not proved fatal.’

‘I hoped that was true,’ said the old banker; ‘I believed it was. I did not believe that Robert Fessenden could die on account of his failure. I know, my young friend, it is a hard thing for a man to be thrown down in a minute from such a place as he held. But I believed that he could stand even that. When I heard that he was dead, (I read it in the papers,) I remembered his habits of business. Forty years ago I warned him against them; I knew that what had happened time and again was to be expected in his case; that, strained to the last inch as he was, there would come a time when the cord would snap. He was an honest man at bottom, Sir. I’d say that against the testimony of the world. No matter how ugly things might look, he was a true man at bottom.’

This tribute was the first uttered in Robert’s hearing that did honor to the memory of his father. He choked back the tears the words called forth, and said, with a manful spirit that gave the old man some additional courage concerning the youth:

‘I want the world should see that. I want to make the slanderers eat their words.’

'Forget, rather,' said the old man mildly; 'forget that there is a world to be appeased, and that slanderers walk in it. Your business is not with them, but with man. Man is better than men; and you ought to permit yourself to deal only with the best.'

How much of this philosophy attained through a long life's experience, the life just awakened was able to receive, the reader will judge.

A SUFFICIENT impetus will send a not very strong character from one extreme violently and wholly to another. Fessenden, who went into the counting-room of his father's old colleague, Augustus Sidell, was not the Fessenden of High-street, the fastidious young gentleman who took hold of life with the languor and indifference of a patron whose interest in his *protégé* is gone. He was an ambitious youth, whom time and experience might now hope to teach; one whose new-roused ardor would be some day restrained, beyond a fear. Thus Mr. Sidell regarded him, believing according to his hope, as people I observe do, in the main.

From the time of his entrance into the counting-room, Fessenden gave himself over to the consideration of the great purpose he had formed, and to the fulfilling of it.

The slanderers must be made to eat their words.

The house must be reestablished.

The name that had been thrown down to the mercy of paragraphists, must possess itself of its lost dignity and power.

And for these three ends, each included in the result of his own labor, Robert Fessenden was content to strive till his hair should be gray, his strength exhausted, his life ended.

He gave to his pride and his ambition full license; the stream became a torrent, as all streams must, where tributaries are allowed, and the course is downward. But the stream was subterranean. It never broke out into the light of day. Had it done so, what clod of earth had been enriched thereby?

He was in the path where the work of the laborer is never finished. There was ever study with his claim, or work with its demand; no time for idleness with him. But idleness with him meant every human enjoyment; every moment given to the exchange of light words, which are not idle, because they are the cement of human hearts, and serve a purpose as the flowers do; every such moment was a loss to him. Augustus Sidell and his sister might rest in his garden, or chat through an evening, or amuse themselves with games; but the time was not come for such enjoyment to him; and never would it come, at the rate he was now going on.

In that garden of his, that place of freshness and beauty, lying in the midst of and surrounded by pretence, and hollowness, and clamor, and dust, in the rear of his unpretending house, Mr. Sidell lived every leisure hour of his summer days. There he renewed his youth. In the

summer-house he read or dozed, in sight of his bee-hives, his grapery, his green-house, and the fountains that played every day and all the day long. That garden was his mine, he said. And in truth, it was so : a mine of enjoyment ; a rich mine, whose treasure was precious to the owner ; beyond price, though never hoarded.

Sometimes it would happen that Robert Fessenden walked in this garden ; never from choice for the moment's enjoyment, always of necessity. There was some account or statement to render Mr. Sidell, which had been overlooked during the proper business hours, some errand that had reference to the transactions of the counting-room, it invariably proved, was the reason of his appearance there. Mr. Sidell perceived this with regret. Absorbed as he might seem to be in his book or reverie, he had always an open eye and careful observation to bestow upon the youth, whom in his heart he 'loved, for the father's sake.'

This careful observation had a serious meaning ; there was in it more than curiosity. Mr. Sidell had himself trodden the dangerous road which Robert Fessenden had entered. He understood its dangers, for looking back on his past life from the height he had gained, he could survey the whole way ; could see himself toiling along the road, driven through its first stages by an insane purpose ; arrested in it ; but still led on, astray here and there, blundering, mistaking, failing, elated by success again ; and then, even in the full tide of prosperity, arrested, and compelled to ascertain his real position, and to understand the true meaning and nature of success ; to go on then, from day to day verily a new man, in new paths, with new purposes.

He saw and understood, against his wish and hope, how when Fessenden would sometimes pause, contrary to his will it seemed, compelled by the lovely garden prospect, the freshness and the fragrance, it was only to hurry on the faster about his business afterward, and to transact it in haste. He must make instant amends for that glance at the blue sky, for that pause, and that inhaling of the garden sweets. Mr. Sidell could well see, when he had succeeded in detaining the young fellow to look at this flower, or observe the growth of the grape-vines, or the development of some strange foreign plant, that he was regarded as a trespasser on Robert's time. And to himself he said, in perfect understanding of what he beheld : 'It will be too late soon, if it be not now too late. What prices we pay ! He gives youth and all its glorious privileges ; and I, I paid a high price too, hardly daring to hope that she shall be mine, even in heaven, when I might have had her for this life and for all life. If he had but a heart such as I had in those old times, oh ! I could counsel him ! But who can see that any body's love is any thing to him ? What youth in these days can be warned ? But I might tell him a tale that would serve as a lesson ! Yes ! it were even worth the pang and distress it would cost this old heart. But would n't he just turn upon me and say I had come to my dotage before men were prepared ? Still, it *might* make him consider whether fortune is worth buying at the price of all the faculties that can best enjoy it.'

Thus would Augustus Sidell, in the benevolence of his heart, muse

in his solitude on the welfare of Robert Fessenden. Meditating on it more thoughtfully, more anxiously than Robert, with all his care and anxiety, knew how to do ; for the one had eternity in view, and the other only the triumphs possible in time.

So, even more thoughtful, careful, close ; more unyielding to the open solicitations of the world, and the concealed solicitudes of his employer, Robert went on his way. Over his desk and his books he fore-swore and abandoned his youth ; while the flower of life was blowing, he was only mindful of gold-dust to be found by delving in the soil, or among rocks, by some blasting process.

True to his sterling principles, the banker, in ways unknown to Robert, advanced his interests, but at the same time constantly endeavored to nullify the legitimate result of rapid prosperity ; for he said to himself, taking counsel of that wise man :

‘The heart will turn into rock too, and the gold be soon beyond the reach of any miner.’

And, as the musician tries the keys of the instrument before him to ascertain its quality, so he sought in various ways to learn more precisely the spirit of Fessenden.

Poverty found its way, under varied forms, within Mr. Sidell’s garden. Squalid and deformed figures walked in the midst of that pure and radiant beauty ; and, but not often, as he came or went, the heirs of calamity crossed the path of Robert Fessenden. Did he see and understand ? Did he recognize a brotherhood with these ? Did he ever pass by neglecting and unmindful ? The sympathies of his heart, if any sympathies were there, must, thought Augustus Sidell, compel a pity, a commiseration, which should not disappear in the same moment that it was called into exercise.

But when the banker perceived, that though Robert never passed by deaf or dumb ; though he never failed to give his charity, the tide of his thoughts was still not more than a moment arrested, and his steps hardly a moment, he sighed, and thought again about the story of his youth, and hesitated still to touch, even with purpose like his, a memory so solemn and grievous.

Mr. Sidell’s foster-sister had a niece named Annie Driscoll, who had lived from her childhood in the banker’s house, under her aunt’s charge. Was there nothing in her youth and beauty that could win and engage the eyes and thoughts of Fessenden ?

More and more intent on the fulfilment of his soul’s desire, the banker waited impatiently till she should return from school for the summer vacation. He would not interfere with the designs of PROVIDENCE by calling her home to serve the purpose of a test to suit his own pleasure ; but when she had come in due time, and the light she always brought with her was restored to the somewhat dull house, he waited anxiously for the result, as if, of necessity, there must be a result.

But result was none. She might enliven the house and fill it with echoes ; she might break in upon her uncle’s sober discussion with Robert Fessenden, and quite change its current by her vivacity, making demands on the old man and the young which could not be resisted ;

still the severe calm face of Robert remained changeless in its expression. What was youth and beauty, what was a free life to him? He could not see its joy and its great price, so narrowed was his vision. And when Mr. Sidell observed the young people together, he might well have felt grateful that these lives were separated as securely as they were from each other; that there existed a certainty that the dark cloud of Robert's life would not roll in between the sun and this gay flower that flourished in the light. It only remained then, thought Augustus Sidell in solemn meditation, it only remained for him to make use of his last expedient. The young man's cure must come from his own soul; from its sense of want. To bring restoratives around him in his present unconsciousness of need, were indeed a vain work. But if a mirror were held up with a steady hand before his eyes, perhaps he could perceive.

It therefore happened, as was predicted by every omen, that the day after Annie Driscoll returned to school, the weeks of vacation having ended, Mr. Sidell said to Robert Fessenden, the latter standing in the door of the banker's summer-house, declining the fruit and wine spread on the rustic table, said to Robert Fessenden:

'Sit down with me a while.'

With an expression of thanks for the courtesy, which was received at its real value, Robert, with reluctance which he could not hide from the old man, however much he might congratulate himself on its concealment, stepped back and sat down opposite Augustus Sidell.

'I am lonely,' said the banker; 'I want a young face over yonder where Annie sat yesterday. The house seems as deserted as a church on week-days. It's lonesome, even out here, where I generally find plenty of company. I'm not a man that has ever stood long on mere appearances. If there were not a fear back of the seeming folly of it, a fear that Annie would be the loser by it, I'd have her back to-morrow. But she must attend to her books, I suppose. Youth is the summer-time, and if the honey is n't stored then, very likely it won't be stored at all.'

'Very true,' said Robert heartily, thinking of honey too, and making his own application of Mr. Sidell's words.

'That child's music,' the banker continued, as though entirely absorbed in his own thoughts, 'that child's music made me almost young again; as young as I can ever hope to be, after all my boasting that I should never grow old; as young as I have been in many a year. But still I hold to the doctrine, Sir, that it is a folly and a sin in men to wear out in the way they do.'

'It seems to be a natural arrangement that they should,' observed Robert.

'No!' exclaimed the banker, in no assumed earnestness; 'that is our mistake. We can't control our limbs, and faces, and faculties altogether, though even these are ours more entirely than we seem to think. But our hearts, boy, are ours, and there's no use of allowing them to be ruined by rust, or to decay before our very sight.'

'True, Sir,' said Robert. He was merely assenting to be rid the sooner probably of the garrulous old gentleman. Mr. Sidell thought

that he could see as well as hear that in Fessenden's reply ; still he said to himself :

'It's now or never, and I'll through with it. He won't make quite the fool of himself that he intends if I can help it.'

'No, indeed, Sir,' he went on aloud. 'And when I think of what my life is, and of what it might have been, Sir, I feel guilty before God and man.'

'You !' exclaimed Robert, his attention fairly caught by this remarkable announcement.

'I might have been a poorer and a vastly happier man, Fessenden. It troubles me when I look back at my youth. It terrifies me, for I know that my youth has been held up to others as a safe model for imitation. I have heard it said, with my own ears, many a time, that it was so. But I will tell you, Fessenden, what I never said before, that this old age and wealth of mine, tranquil as it is, and filled with solid cheer, is no more what it should have been, than — why, it is as if in a shipwreck I had saved some valuable luggage, indeed, but in doing that had lost the precious life in my charge. I might have been a poorer man, if I had lost that luggage. . . . I had a fortune to make, young man, and if one must be sacrificed — but mind, I did not know that word then, why it must be my chance in the world I would choose to keep : so you see I have the fortune. But in place of something better, I have it ; and I walk alone. Young man, there is one good gift that we cannot barter away and ever possess again. Even if she had lived, and our union had taken place, for I never broke my vow, it would not have been the life it might have been, had I not *chosen* as I did. It is the spirit that dictates the choice that determines the whole career. But God be thanked ; I could repent. I lived to see my mistake. And so I say, it terrifies me whenever I see a young man, rare the sight is not, giving up his soul, Sir, in the endeavor to make a prosperous life of it. Fessenden, of all the wise men I have ever known, Tom Myres is the wisest. How he enjoys life ! Blessed in his constitution, no doubt. But such a spirit as his ought to be universal. There would be chance enough for variety in the development of that same spirit. I say, Sir, that the most of the wretchedness in the world is *unconstitutional*, and to consent to it is criminal. In the consent — ah ! there it is ! I know it is fearful to feel this responsibility, but it's more fearful not to feel it. Fessenden, don't let any devil-argument delude you. As true as there's a God, there's something to be looked after beside our business concerns. It profits a man nothing to gain the world and lose his soul. That loss, Sir, makes a hell of this world as well as of the next. . . . No more preaching ; but I deserve to feel Annie's loss. And there's some satisfaction in owning that. Take a glass with me for our mutual better health. And I'll keep you no longer.'

The old man poured a glass for Robert, and lifted his, which was already filled, to his lips.

'I am in no haste to be gone, Sir. I feel it an honor to be detained by you,' said Robert, his attention at last really arrested and held by those words of Augustus Sidell.

‘Are you — is it true? But I must take my nap now. It is as good as a song from Annie, though, to hear you say that.’

So Robert Fessenden went his way, and the banker began to hope for him.

NOW TOM MYRES was a little bandy-legged fellow, with straw-colored hair, and blue eyes, grave as a sexton, and like him not solemn nor repulsive in his gravity — always in his place, always to be relied on — busy as the working bee. When he came into the counting-room with his spry step, and took his place at his desk, a new impulse of activity seemed to possess every man in the office. With no eye or ear for any thing going on around him, he would apply himself, with all diligence, to his particular duties, until the clock struck the hour when the office closed, and then he lost no more time in going out than he had in coming in. The face and the habits of this young fellow had attracted the notice of Fessenden, but never his attention. He lodged in the same house, too; but they were men who would never, of themselves, come to hold any special relation toward each other.

Now, however, when the approbation of the young clerk had been pronounced with so much heartiness by the master, it was time for several reasons that Fessenden should observe.

He now remembered that it had occurred to him on the day that he first saw Tom Myres, (Tom every body called him,) that some extra good fortune must have befallen that individual that morning. So radiant was his face as he tripped into the counting-room and threw himself into his work.

He remembered that he had observed since that day — even he taking cognizance of an individual so humble — that it was only an habitual cheerfulness which shone in the contrast with Robert’s own gloomy and depressed state. However great the weariness of Tom might be, however much the face might express its weariness, the contented and cheerful expression never quite vanished from it. The joyous spirit shone through the body. He came in from a happy region and went out to the same. It was all recollection and anticipation with him.

This person being introduced to Fessenden’s attention by Mr. Sidell as a model, some special consideration must needs follow. Whatever the young man’s own preconceived opinion might be, the speech of the banker could but produce its effect.

And, this observation being secured, could it be in vain? Tom Myres, of all men in the world, the last to look upon himself in the light of an example for the imitation of Robert Fessenden, or any other creature. Tom with his wife occupied the room just underneath that of Fessenden.

Yes, he had his wife and his violin — the wife a pretty girl as fair as himself, as blue-eyed, and happy-hearted. They were two ‘children of the sun.’ Very children, thought Fessenden, and probably by this virtue they had possessed themselves of his favor. Children are so well managed, if you but humor them. But Augustus Sidell was *not* in his

dotage, and he had never employed a tool, for he had never any but the most honorable purposes to serve. Again and again Fessenden was compelled to return from his own impressions and opinions to a new contemplation and observation of the character of this same yellow-haired and blue-eyed clerk.

In these days meditation like this was frequently indulged by Robert. 'If it is true that Mr. Sidell's experience arose from the operation of circumstances which, in their result, are the same in all times and places, and I should at last, after whatever success, sit down to a melancholy old age such as his seems to be, in spite of all his success, and prosperity, and honor, would I be compelled to feel, as he does, that in some respects, and those the most important, my life had been a failure? But *I* sacrificed nothing. I have deferred nothing in the doing of which my heart was interested, until my fortune should be secured. Some men are born to be satisfied with little; it would be easier for them to starve to death than sustain themselves in a high position.'

But if these were Robert's reflections, he must in their progress have often paused and reflected seriously, surveying the points he gained doubtfully: and certainly the conclusions he reached left him in a condition of no particular self-satisfaction.

There came an evening when, after a day's confinement to the house, in the prostration and exhaustion of over-work of brain and body, Fessenden found himself led by his curiosity to the door of Tom Myres's chamber, and standing there waiting for admittance. Amy Myres was in the room alone, tuning a violin. She came to the door at Fessenden's knock, and invited him in so cordially, that Robert's scruples, for he was nice on points of etiquette, and knew that he had not come hither as a guest, but as a spy, disappeared, and he went in, making much of his apology. But the occasion did not call for that. Tom was coming any minute. If Mr. Fessenden would remain, her husband would be very happy.

There are some people, and Amy Myres was of these, before whom the parade of grand manners is more than an impertinence, it is a cruelty. Affectation and pretence must hide before them, if they would not appear in their own eyes ridiculous: any pretence whatsoever, any exhibition short of kindness of feeling, and goodness of heart, is the last the exhibitor would care to make.

Robert Fessenden went into the small apartment feeling all this, and acting accordingly.

It was a small, plainly-furnished room, and the wife was its greatest feature and attraction. Can you say this always, feeling that you speak the truth, of the grand rooms of grand houses? She made all other ornament at the least superfluous.

Now, behold *him* sitting there, in that happy presence, four bare walls encompassing them; no pictures, not many books, but heaps of music on the piano, and flowers on the mantel in a handsome vase, placed before a handsome clock. There was a table, moreover, and half-a-dozen chairs, a cheap carpet on the floor—cheap, but bright with gayly-colored flowers.

Robert had no need to sit gazing around him, waiting the husband's return, nor was there a chance of his consuming with curiosity that could not be gratified. In one way or another the talk, that confidential talk, began. How it began, Fessenden could never tell; it was mystery to him; but it was all naturally done enough; and the simple-hearted innocence and trustfulness of the young wife, was expressing itself in the story of the attachment, and courtship, and marriage of Tom and herself; how they had always been friends, till they became more; and now they had been married, to his amazement, Robert heard it, five years and more. Tom was twenty-three, and she, Amy, was twenty. Her father and mother had died, and Tom married her out of school, and brought her to his lodgings. And certainly the young fellow's reward was with him hourly.

'He will always have his place as long as Mr. Sidell lives, we are sure of that,' said she. 'You are in the same office—did you ever notice his writing? Is it not beautiful?' Fessenden had observed it, and he answered Amy as she obviously hoped he would, that it was a fine hand. 'We have lived here in this room,' she continued, 'ever since we were married, and I hope that we shall live here always. You see that Mr. Sidell has a great consideration for my husband. Every Christmas he sends me a present because he likes Thomas so well. Thomas just suits him; you might not think that, because they are so different, but it is so. That clock was one thing, and this piano another. It is always something we can both enjoy. But I like the violin best, best of all. He gave that to Thomas before he knew any thing about me. And I have learned to play on it, not as well as Thomas, of course; but still a little.'

With more real interest than you might anticipate, Robert Fessenden asked this happy woman how she managed to spend her time while her husband was away.

'Oh! that is easy to do,' she answered, looking around the room with her rejoicing eyes, proud of her ownership and authority. 'I sew, and read, and walk out, or learn new music. I teach music to the children in the house, the three young ladies, and that pays——' but here she checked herself in her communicativeness. 'He likes me to sing for him; 'may-be I disturb you sometimes,' she said quickly, and quite seriously, uttering the thought the instant it occurred to her.

'No, indeed,' Robert hastened to assure her.

'You should come and hear us sometimes; may-be you would like it. Do you play the violin?'

'No.' Her questioning did not offend him, by the manner of his answer.

'The piano, may-be.'

'No.'

'But you sing?'

'Not a note.'

'Well, you listen.'

'Yes, I *can* do that,' answered Robert, laughing heartily; 'but *with* the woman, bear in mind, not at her.'

'Here he is, my husband—Mr. Fessenden, who is waiting to see

you, Thomas,' she said, when Tom came in. The young fellow looked rather embarrassed as he entered singing: he stopped short in his song, seeing who was there, and seemed surprised at the sight. Yet he also was glad of the visitor — really so.

He brought with him a bunch of fresh flowers from Mr. Sidell's green-house, he said, as he gave them to Amy. And when he had made all plain that Robert desired to know in regard to business that day, Fessenden still remained, and needed not to produce an excuse for so doing; he was cordially welcome there.

They sang for him, and played for him, and talked over the flowers of the green-house, no more envious of the fortune of their owner, than Amy was on account of the red splendor of the rose, or the white glory of the lily.

When at length Robert retired from the room, it was as one might go who has seen for the first time the beauty and the freshness of the world. *He* had been in the habit of thinking, when he saw all the pride of the banker's gardens, and the splendid but neglected opportunity that old man had of 'living,' of thinking of the time that certainly must come when, having regained all that his father had lost, he should take his proper place in the world. It should be a lofty place indeed; loftily would he fill it, and stand there unapproached by the mere circumstances of the world; and all the mouths of slanderers should be stopped, and his father's honor rest free of all stain.

But — here were people who, while having nothing, actually seemed to be possessors of all things. There was no room for envy or ambition in their hearts — no room for pride. It had evidently never occurred to them that they had cause for repining. Great fortune was no further from their thoughts than it was from their desire. They had made a five-years' experiment of this joy of theirs, and surely it could never have been deeper, or more real than it was now. He did not believe that it could ever become less real and true.

He went from their room up to his — up to the scene of toiling thought, of unflagging industry, of little dreaming, but of the patient fashionings of great projects, the formation of vast designs, which ten lives could hardly accomplish, were they all laborious as his.

Was this Robert Fessenden? On his table were the books and papers, and his night-lamp ready lighted; all things waited for the workman who there applied himself by night. He stood upon the threshold looking into and around the room; then, with a hasty stride, he advanced to the table, extinguished the light, turned the key in the lock, and descended the stair with the key in his pocket, his purpose of labor for that night at least abandoned. So much as this was gained.

The moon is up; the night is clear and cool, after the sultry day. The earth feels the refreshment of the moon-light and the dew. A light as mild falls on the heart of Robert Fessenden from the beaming eyes so frank and cordial, whose gaze but now met his; and that free and genial talk to which he has but now listened — he never heard its like before, never; and surprising as it may seem, it is true that there are multitudes of people who *never* hear its like — their ears not being opened,

Augustus Sidell had said, in no idle mood of talk, that of all men

known to him, if there is one whose lot he would envy, it is the lot of Tom Myres. And Robert cannot now persuade himself that this was the speech of age-surveying youth and opportunity, and longing to fight the battle of life over again. It cannot be that a renewed chance of struggle is what the old man covets. In his heart Robert Fessenden now understands the meaning of Augustus Sidell, and as he wanders through the streets and the square, he consents to the banker's judgment; he sighs for the freedom of those who have no family honor to retrieve, no dignity to maintain, no place to win and occupy. The soft night-breeze lulls him into subjection to these thoughts; but at length came a colder breath of wind; a gust from the north bears down on the indolent sighing southern breeze, and Robert goes home at midnight — and the 'summer-night's dream' is ended.

But he extorts no work from himself; he lies down to wakefulness and meditation.

If Augustus Sidell has yet an appreciation for such a life as Tom Myres is living, as he says, why is it too late for him to live a life like Tom's? Can an old love never be replaced? Is not the old man after all the victim of a whimsical self-deception? Having satisfied himself in one direction, does he not turn himself wholly in another, and of necessity think and reason childishly? But would *he*, Robert Fessenden, be willing to renounce all that he hopes yet to achieve, and is laboring day and night to achieve, for any such cheap possession as that held by Tom and Amy Myres? A strange question, yet — almost, he thinks, if the career he has marked out did not lie before him like the path of duty, which it were base, cowardly, unfilial to forsake.

The fact is this, Robert Fessenden, at this period of his career, stands in precisely the relation to the world which his father occupied at the corresponding period of his life. At such a point as this, Fessenden the elder had paused in his career, and looked into the future with serious eyes; then, closing his eyes, he had leaped forward, choosing the purpose which he would serve, and through his life that purpose he had served with mind, and soul, and body. Every step he took was in reference to that purpose; every aim revealed it. And prosperity and ruin proved him equally.

Substantially the spirit of the father did live in the son. If it should prove in the end that their career differed essentially, the proof of their likeness might be drawn from this point of the son's life, the point we now see him holding.

Manifestly here, with the setting forth of two careers, with the warning voice of a man who had tried life in his ear, and the exhibition of a truly joyous state of existence before him, there was not only an opportunity, but a necessity of choice between them, laid on Fessenden. If henceforth he should set himself to labor with the same end in view that he had so long cherished, it must be in the nature of things more resolutely, more effectively; he must quite shut out the prospect of a merely happy human life, and choose an ambitious striving one.

Augustus Sidell with increased interest surveyed the young man for whom he had laid bare his heart. But whether the seed he had attempted to plant had found any lodgment in that soil, or whether the next breeze had wafted it far off, he could not tell. Robert himself

could not have told. But the spirit of the dead had surely loosened its hold upon the living. The word had gone forth, and could not return void. As long as day after day Fessenden breathed the same atmosphere with Tom and Amy Myres, it was impossible that he should not, in some degree, however slight, in some real degree feel the influence of that atmosphere.

So the sun began to rise — and is earth dead to the sun ?

And then Mr. Sidell became suddenly quite ill. This, too, was an event that could not fail to have an influence. But to think that no external circumstances whatever were needed now to bring about the result that followed. Though every event must contribute of necessity to his decided development, either in the direction which the banker's wishes, or in that his warnings indicated.

If Robert needed further proof of his employer's sincerity, he surely found it in the fact which could not escape his observation, that the smiles Amy Myres brought into his sick-room wrought a better and a more pleasing influence on the old man, and met with a heartier welcome than *his* report of the rise in stocks, or the improved state of foreign markets. Nor could the effect of Annie Driscoll's return home be lost on Fessenden. The banker and his house were lifted too suddenly out of their gloom, despondence, and anxiety for that.

Then Fessenden began to regard with increased curiosity or increased interest this young girl whom he now met so frequently in the deserted drawing-room, and in Mr. Sidell's sick-chamber. Not long after her return he might have asked himself with some reason, if it was the fact that the banker was really better, and improving daily in health, or because *she* spoke the tidings, that he valued them in precisely the manner he did.

There was no step more frequent, not even that of the physician, in the house of Augustus Sidell, than the step of Fessenden. Even after his employer was able to be about the house again, he completely usurped the place of Tom Myres as voluntary runner between the counting-room and house of the banker.

And if less business was transacted in the quiet old drawing-room than might have been imagined from the reputed character of the two men ; if more time was spent in listening to the song of Annie, or in such talk as Tom Myres and his wife could have joined in without difficulty, let no one suppose that Robert Fessenden was all this while acting in opposition to his own impulses, in consideration of the weighty fact that the banker's health was failing, and that in the nature of things the thought of heirs must be in his mind. The secret of his movements might have been discovered in a very different direction.

Annie was flitting in and out, a being to observe, and the young man and the old observed her ; or she was singing for them — and that was song to be heard, remembered, loved. She was speaking, and was worth hearing — or she listened, and it was worth a man's while to come to his best speech in such an audience. So she held them both, yes, both, in her own way, for her own time, by her noble face and figure, by the sweet dignity of her maiden gentleness, by her child's fearlessness — for she was fearless as childhood, through her trust in others, rather than in self-confidence.

Annie broke in upon the strictness of Fessenden's labors and obligations, on the sternness of his self-control, with words that made his pulse beat faster ; careless words, forgotten the instant they were spoken, by herself, but not by him ; words such as any child might have spoken ; but no other being could have so spoken them to him. How was this ?

How was this ? Robert Fessenden knew not — this is true — until one day he found himself arrested from all mortal obligations and employments by a few words spoken by the banker, whom he found walking up and down his garden in a state of great perplexity.

'Come here, come here,' said that gentleman, lifting his hand, and beckoning mysteriously to Robert. 'What am I to do ? You're a man of sense, Sir : the very man I wanted just now. Here's a young fellow asking me to give Annie away : am I to do it or not ?'

The possibility of any person's bestowing such a gift, was obviously so far from the course of Robert's meditations, that he could not in an instant come within the range of the thought, but stood outside, confused, pale, and trembling. And there stood Augustus Sidell contemplating him in surprise — had he not so well concealed it, in a joyful surprise.

'What shall I do ?' he repeated, as if in his perplexity he perceived no more than his own unwelcome duty.

'Ask her what you shall do,' said Robert ; but the voice was hardly Robert's voice.

'And let things take their own course, do you mean ? . . . It is no bad match for her in a worldly point of view, certainly,' said Mr. Sidell.

'If the young man meets with your approbation, I do not see that you can do less,' remarked Robert ; by no effort could he assume the carelessness of speech at which he aimed.

'But Fessenden, I had different notions in my head. There's a young man whom I hoped to give her, and I don't like to disappoint myself. It's the last time, don't you see — and this is the last great hope I can cherish. I'm afraid I run a chance of losing.'

'But what is your satisfaction in the case in comparison with hers ? You would not marry her against her will ?' said Robert, endeavoring to hide his emotion in an assumed surprise at the banker's words.

'No — true — I've seen enough of that in my time. But you're a bad comforter, Fessenden. You're too honest for me. Still, I know it is the only thing I can do. I'll lay the case of the young man before her then. I'll do it this day : I do n't see how I can help it. With my promise given to him, and your command that I shall keep it. But I'll not argue his case for him — not even for you : she shall be counsel and judge and jury herself.'

'As is right,' said Robert. Then he turned abruptly and entirely from that subject, and transacted the business that had brought him there : that being done, he took himself away.

'Zounds !' exclaimed Mr. Sidell. 'Zounds !' he repeated, watching the retreating figure. 'That's the way some men can fight, with a rope round their neck that strangles them. It's life or death with him this day.'

Robert Fessenden went back to his work, feeling in truth that it was life or death with him that day. He sat down to his work in the counting-room, and wrought there, before he stirred again, what had been the week's work of many a studious laborious accountant. His thoughts and his hands flew with a rapidity unparalleled; and before him rose the project, and in his spirit stirred the old impulse that had led him through all the labor of the past.

At the close of business-hours when he went out from the exhausting labor in which he had engaged, unconscious of exhaustion, he found a messenger waiting for him. The words of the note put into his hand were these :

'DEAR BOB : She won't hear a word of it. Come and rejoice with me. AUGUSTUS SIDELL.'

So it happened that for the first time in the person of Robert Fessenden, a free man stepped over the threshold of the banker's house that day.

And though, as he bent his steps in the direction of that mansion, the demonstration of the spirit was not such as might have been looked for with reason in Tom Myres, though it was still a grave face that he bore, and a slow step with which he trode; yet, looking at the two men, any person might have discerned that there was no vast difference between them. For now Fessenden had really chosen his career — the heir was born.

The banker himself met the young man at his door, and kissed him. Was it difficult for Robert to say when they two were alone :

'You said that you had other hopes for Annie than those which her marriage with her suitor would have satisfied. May I not ask you to explain those hopes ?'

And was it possible for Mr. Sidell to reply otherwise than thus :

'Go on, Bob ! I have nothing to tell *you* ; but you have something to say to me about her, I hope.'

'Let me go and speak to Annie,' and Robert started up as a prince impatient for the trumpet that should announce the battle — the contest for the crown.

'Go ! and God bless you. You're safe, man,' said the banker with his hand on Robert's shoulder. '*And you're saved,*' he added in a lower tone as Robert shut the door — a tone fit for thanksgiving in prayer was that, for he knew what the end would be ; knew as well then as when the man and maiden came together seeking him and his paternal blessing on their love and their new life ; as well as when Robert confessed to him that there is something more precious than riches, and sweeter than revenge within the reach of man.

It is now about seventeen years since Robert Fessenden was born. The ancient splendor has never been revived in High-street ; but he walks the path of his integrity, growing younger, wiser, happier every day : no man more industrious lives ; but there are many richer : there are few really wiser men than he, but there are many vainer.

A T N A H A N T .

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

I WATCH that row of fisher-huts
 At eve, I watch the twilight shapes,
 The hazy isles that melt away,
 The dreamy outlines of the capes !

The tireless ships that come and go,
 Like sheeted ghosts : I watch the moon
 That flings a crescent in the sea :
 Or in the stagnant heat of noon,

I sip my julep on the porch :
 With heart so light and thought so free,
 I bless the children on the beach,
 I bless the sunshine on the sea.

With you and MORT and WALTER here,
 (Sweet WALTER, rich in naught but rhyme ')
 I'd almost wish the world, Nahant,
 And all the seasons summer-time.

And is my heart so much at ease ?
 Is not the olden sorrow there ?
 The worm i' the bud ? I tell you no :
 This quiet is my natural air.

Thank HEAVEN, I am not what I was :
 I am not ROMEO any more :
 I wooed and lost — my julep's out !
 To-day I met her on the shore,

Shell-hunting. Did my color change ?
 Did love-sick pallors touch my lips ?
 Ah ! me ! I talked most common-place
 About the sea-weed and the ships.

I sketched the light-house in her book,
 (A miracle of modern art :)
 And when she smiled, I did not feel
 A something trembling in my heart.

I touched her shoulder, 't was by chance,
 For what is HECUBA to me ?
 A year ago Desire and I
 Quarrelled, and parted company.

I lacked that happy nonchalance,
 That English stare, a year ago :
 For then I wished myself the breeze
 That blew her tresses to-and-fro.

But see ! she's walking on the beach :
 She seems a Grecian queen from here ;
 Her drapery hangs in classic folds :
 MATILDA HERON'S in MEDEA.

How proud she is! how sweet she is!
 She makes the very air seem sweet;
 I marvel that the conched shells
 Turn not to lilies at her feet!

More wine! although I won her not,
 (There are a hundred men who can't!)
 I'll drink to her for CUPID's sake:
 • The brown-eyed goddess of Nahant.

T E H U A N T E P E C .

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN ADVENTURER.

BUT for the triangular dispute between the highly respectable parties severally claiming, under Mexican government grants, the exclusive right of road-way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, that fine country would now be in process of rapid development by American labor and capital; and we should have, at this time, a route so direct to California as to shorten the transit from New-York to San Francisco, at least three days. Notwithstanding the discouragement created by that vexatious collision of claims, a New-York Express Company* and an American Stage Company have purchased land upon the Isthmus, and commenced building, with a view to facilitating the transit of freight and passengers as soon as the contemplated road shall have been completed. We learn that they have little or no hope that the road will be finished the present year, but if a compromise could be effected between the claimants, and they should either unite their energies and capital upon the work, or relinquish it without further dispute to Mr. Hargous, (the owner of the original grant, and a gentleman of ample means, intelligence, and energy,) the Tehuantepec Route would be, early in 1857, the popular American thoroughfare to the Pacific coast.

In the mean time, we confess to some impatience, having a Yankee curiosity to know more about Tehuantepec, and a Yankee itching to see its rich soil under Yankee cultivation.†

American intelligence and industry have begun to make their mark upon Tehuantepec, it is true, but as yet that country is eminently foreign and novel to American observation. Not only its climate and products, but its people, their manners, costume, and customs, are entirely different from our own. It is still a land of romantic adventure and picturesque life. Ladies longing to encounter brigand-looking gentlemen in short jackets trimmed with silver, and slashed trowsers with double rows of heroic buttons down the sides, or Indian men and women in

* FREEMAN AND COMPANY'S California Express.

† Mr. J. K. STIMSON, of New-York, who spent three months there last winter, has a small plantation near Suchil, on which corn and potatoes of his own planting were growing finely when he left it last April.

attire of statuesque paucity, have only to visit the prairies and haciendas of Tehuantepec, to be gratified.

The Indians are friendly and harmless ; but the Mexicans bear no love to Americans, and not a few of the picturesque gentlemen in slashed trowsers, are addicted, in the picturesque passes, to picturesque picking and stealing, particularly when they meet with one of our nation unarmed.

On board the schooner —, on her April trip, from Minnetitlan to New-Orleans, was a person who attracted some attention from the peculiarity of his *personnel*. His adventures with the brigands, or guerillas, of Tehuantepec, had been numerous and exciting.

He was a native of Ohio, but had been many years on the Isthmus, variously occupied, in a subordinate capacity, and finally as a teamster, in which service he had had one of his feet crushed beneath a wheel, and was forced to submit to an amputation. He was a stout fellow, and intelligent, but confessedly destitute, and a good deal the worse for wear.

This man was very communicative to his fellow-passengers, and his relation of some of his adventures in the country whose shores they had just left behind them, contributed to relieve the monotony of the homeward voyage. The more credence was given to his stories from the fact, that they were as often against himself as in his favor.

For example : Upon one occasion, he and another American, a friend of his, lost all their money at *monte*, and were rendered destitute, but not past remedy ; for a plan suggested itself to his fertile brain, by which to raise the wind. 'I will borrow,' he said to his companion in misfortune, 'my employer's revolvers, for a while, without his leave : you shall take one and sell it for the most you can get. I will then light upon the purchaser, prove to him that he has bought that which was stolen from me, and compel him to put it into my possession.'

His fellow refusing to run the risk, he agreed to sell the pistol, and let his companion recover it in the manner in which he had proposed to do himself.

The trick succeeded. The revolvers were of the largest size, and this kind of weapon was held in such high estimation at that time there, that the scapegrace readily sold one of the pair for one hundred and ten dollars, to a Mexican. The next day his accomplice went to the purchaser, and accused him of having stolen property in his possession, namely, the pistol, which belonged to him, and was a mate to one which he (the accomplice) then held in his hand. Convinced that the man was right, the Mexican was nevertheless unwilling to relinquish his purchase without getting his money back, as the fellow who had swindled him was *non est inventus*, not to be found : whereupon the confederate threatened to accuse him before the *Alcalde* as a buyer of stolen goods. Now, it so happens that the Mexicans have a law which is in force in Tehuantepec, that any one buying personal chattels must obtain of the seller a bill of sale, obtained by said seller of the previous owner, vouching that he came lawfully by the property ; otherwise he is liable to lose his purchase and be fined or imprisoned beside.

Having a wholesome fear of this statute before his eyes, the dis-

comfited Mexican relinquished the revolver to the rogue, and begged him not to mention so unpleasant an occurrence to a third party.

The ruse having operated so well, was practised upon several others with equal success, until five had been victimized, and the rascals had realized five hundred and seventy dollars, when, feeling rich enough, the projector of this crafty piece of 'financiering' returned the pistols to his employer's drawer before they had been missed.

'I do n't know but what you think that game all right,' said one of the passengers, 'but in my opinion, it was the meanest kind of stealing.'

'All's fair with them blasted Mexicans,' rejoined the man; 'for they'd as lief stick an American under the fifth rib, on the sly, as smoke a cigarette; and they've robbed me more than once of every thing, clean down to my boots. Cuss them, I owe 'm nothing, and I reckon they haint had nary advantage of me, in the long run.'

'Let me just tell ye a thing or two more on that p'int,' he continued, ejecting a mouthful of tobacco-juice over the vessel's side, and addressing three or four passengers, who had been listening to his yarns, while they puffed at their segars upon the deck.

'Me and two others of us, were travelling quietly along, one day, across a *perairie*, when suddenly here comes a-rushing down on us, several Mexicans in the saddle, and before I realized what to do, they had killed my companions. I was unarmed, and made no resistance. They spared my life, but robbed me of my money, and a valuable gold watch, and all my clothes, except my shirt, trowsers, and stockings.'

'What! did they take your boots, too?' exclaimed one of his auditors.

'Yes, Sir-ree, two boots, and left me to pad across the *perairie* in my stocking-feet, and be hanged to them! I was so all-fired mad when they peeled me in that way, that allowin' they war going to kill me any how, I reckoned I'd give 'm a piece o' my mind to go along with the boots, and I called 'em all the hard names in Spanish that I could command; and my stock in that line wan't small, you'd better believe, for I had n't learnt it out of any of your books. But the bloody thieves only chuckled at my abuse, and seemed to like me rather the better for 't. So, after stripping my fellow-travellers of every thing, they said, '*Buenos dias!*' with a laugh, and rode away with our mules, leaving me to foot it to the nearest corral.'

'A hard case, certainly,' said one of the passengers.

'But I got my revenge before I was a week older,' he rejoined. 'The old *sénora* I worked for had sent me to borrow a horse in the neighborhood of our hacienda, and I was leading it home, (I was mounted myself on another animal,) when I met a caballero, gayly dressed, and riding slowly along, as proud as a Spanish hidalgo. The moment I had got by him, it struck me powerful that I had seen his ugly mug before somewhere not pleasant, and in a minute it flashed upon me that he was one o' them consarned guerillas who had robbed me a few days before.'

'Quicker'n wink I turned and rode back to overhaul him, for I was armed with a pair of revolvers, which, since the robbery, the old woman had furnished me, for use when on the *perairie*.

“*Como esta, usted?*” says I, bowing with mock politeness, as I drove my horse right athwart his path, so that he had to hold up a minute. It was the very chap that had taken my boots, consarn his picter! Wan’t I happy? ‘You’re one of the cut-throat thieves,’ says I, in Spanish, as I presented a revolver at his head, ‘that robbed me the other day and killed my companions! Now die the death of a dog.’

‘He was darned scared, and protested that I was mistaken; but I warn’t, and I just stripped him as clean as he had me at our previous meeting, even to his boots and an elegant pair of silver spurs, for the feller was dressed within an inch of his life; and his blanket (a garment which the Mexicans get up frequently in very costly style) was worth a hundred dollars, I reckon. I was in hopes of finding my watch upon him, but in the division of spoils, it had not fallen to his lot, it seems, and so I took his horse in lieu of it.

‘Now,’ says I, ‘you pitiful catamaran, you’re too all-fired mean to kill; and being’s I feel pretty well now, I won’t put these here balls through that black-muzzled face o’ yours; but next time I meet you I may not be in such good humor; so keep out o’ my way in futur!’

‘Then lamming him over the head once with his own boots, just to remember me by, I laughed at the plight he was in; and leading off the two horses bearing my spoils, I whistled ‘Hail Columby’ all the way home, tolerably well satisfied with the way I had squared accounts.’

So much for the adventurer with one foot.

It should not be inferred from his experience, however, that the people of Tehuantepec are all scoundrels; on the contrary, we have from Mr. Stimson a very favorable report of the residents upon the Isthmus. He found many of the Mexicans polite, affable, and obliging, and the enterprise of a high-way across their country met with their favor. He and other gentlemen, interested either directly or indirectly in the construction of the proposed road, were treated with the most hospitable attention by the most wealthy inhabitants, and were rather favorably impressed with the people generally.

T H E P O E T ’ S L I F E .

THINK not the dreaming poet’s heart,
Creating an ideal life,
Has feebler power to act its part
In real scenes of toil and strife.

Who breathes in song the burning thought
Which quickens life in slumbering mind,
A nobler deed of life has wrought
Than kings who lord it o’er mankind.

Who breaks the fetters of the soul
Which bind to earth the struggling slave,
Wields over human life control,
That strength of muscle never gave.

T H E G A R D E N O F M E M O R Y .

THERE is a garden which my Memory knows,
A grand old garden of the days gone by :
Where lofty trees caress the breeze,
And underneath them blows full many a rose,
Of rarest crimson or deep purple dye ;
And there extend, as far as eye may see,
Dim vistas of cool greenery.

Quaint marble statues, clothed with vines and mould,
Gleam gray and spectral 'mid the foliage there :
All grim they stand on every hand,
Along the walk whose sands are smoothly rolled,
And borders trimmed with constant watchful care ;
There Memory sits, and hears soft voices call
Above the plashing water-fall.

Old faded bowers, with their rustic seats
Of knotted branches closely intertwined,
May there be seen the walks between ;
Within their shades the dove at noon retreats,
And gives her sad voice to the summer wind ;
Around them bloom rich flowers, where all day long
The wild bee drones his dreamy song.

The garden stretches downward to a lake,
Where gentle ripples kiss a pebbly shore :
All cool and deep the waters sleep,
With naught the calm of their repose to break.
Save when the breezes sweep their bosom o'er,
Or when a train of diamond sparkles bright
Is scattered by the swallow's flight.

Within that garden Memory recalls
Gay friends, who lived and loved and passed away :
Who met at noon upon the lawn,
And strolled in couples by the garden-walls,
Or on the grass beneath the maples lay,
And passed the hours as gayly as might be,
With olden tales of chivalry.

The younger maidens — each with silken net,
Chased butterflies that hung on painted wings
Above the beds where poppy-heads
Drooped heavily with morning dew-drops wet :
In recollection still their laughter rings.
And still I seem to see them sport among
The statues gray with vines o'erhung.

Ah ! one fair lady I remember well —
And shall remember, though all else should fade :
Her dreamy eye, her gentle sigh ;
Her golden hair in tangled curls that fell ;
Her queen-like beauty and demeanor staid :
And oh ! her smile, that played at hide-and-seek
With dimples on her chin and cheek !

O EDITH! often have we sat at rest,
 And watched the sun-set from the Lover's Hill,
 When few faint stars shone through the bars
 Of purple cloud that stretched athwart the west;
 And Nature's pulse seemed silently to thrill.
 While Night came o'er the moorlands wide and brown,
 On dusky pinions sweeping down.

Long years have faded since those happy days,
 Yet still in mem'ry are their joys enshrined:
 Tall grasses wave o'er EDITH'S grave;
 Above her breast the birds chaunt plaintive lays;
 Yet still I feel her arms about me twined;
 Still float her tangled tresses in the breeze;
 Still sit we 'neath the maple trees.

Thus may it be until I, too, am gone.
 Oh! let me ever dream of youth and love:
 And when the strife of earthly life
 Is passed away; when all my tasks are done,
 I know that in some garden fair above
 My angel EDITH waits to welcome me
 Unto thy halls, Eternity!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Letters from the Connecticut Valley.

East-Hampton, August 16, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER: I know of nothing more soothing to the spirits of men verging toward 'three-score and ten,' than the visiting the haunts of their youth and earlier manhood, and finding them in all outward appearance still unchanged. To find not only the general features of the landscape preserved in their integrity, but the very same streets, the same houses, and the same venerable trees waving in luxuriance over them, recalls so vividly the scenes and beloved forms of our better days, that we seem to live over again, in placid repose, the prime and vigor of our youth. It is with an appreciation of this effect, my dear Diedrich, that I have this summer made an excursion, the first for more than forty years, to the eastern end of Long-Island. Do you remember the quiet seclusion — the long shady streets of the little villages on the 'South-side' in our day? Hampstead, and Babylon, and Islip, and so on through all the little hamlets to Hampton? Alas! how have they changed! Innovation has been everywhere. The character of the people has changed with the change of their habitations and occupations. The race of old-fashioned Long-Island gentlemen seems to be extinct. Nowhere have I been able to discover the quiet and dignified manner, the courteous hospitality, the refined self-possession which characterized the old gentlemen of the Island when we were boys. They seem to have gone out with their cocked hats, velvet breeches, and gold buckles. I found

none of the *old* settlements in any tolerable degree of preservation until I arrived at this, almost the extreme point of the Island. Indeed the whole of the three Hamptons have preserved the integrity of their appearance in a remarkable degree, but it is with this quaint old village and its rare, old-fashioned looks, that I am most interested.

It is a placid and beautiful evening. The warm southern breeze gently moves the pendent branches of the old willow that shades the portico in which I sit. The shadows of the setting sun steal silently along, like minute-hands, pointing inch by inch to darkness and repose. The herd of lowing kine, filled to repletion in the rich pasturage, trail lazily along, each halting at its owner's door. With swelling throat the robin sings her evening song, while her mate, quite unscared, hops on the door-stone at my feet, and, eyeing me askance, half-doubtful of a stranger's friendship, seeks the crawling slug or insect just dropped from the rose-bush by the door. In solemn stateliness, all marching Indian file, the flocks of geese, countless in number, wend their way toward their resting-place by the pond. The clock strikes nine, and all is hushed. No living thing in motion. I look wistfully down the long avenue of majestic old trees, and hark ! it is the deep monotone of the ocean ! Now loud, now low, and then with a resounding crash, which dies away with a long murmuring cadence — but ever the same note, and ever conveying the same idea of mysterious and resistless power.

Probably no village in our country has seen so few changes in an hundred years as this. Indeed I have seen none which so strongly reminds one of a quiet English hamlet. Its green lanes, its shady walks, its quiet farm-houses, built for generations now gone to their fathers ; its absence of all appearance of extreme poverty as well as of superfluous wealth, all bespeak a quiet, substantial, and abiding population, such as is rarely to be met with out of the mother country. There stands its quaint old church, which for almost a century and a half has been the fountain of all orthodoxy to this primitive people. On the backs of its ancient pews are carved the initials of five generations of whittlers ! The vane on its pointed steeple, (bearing date A.D. 1717,) has for an hundred and forty years been the weather-gauge of these children of the sea ! The old clock which, for an hundred and twenty years has marked the out-goings and incomings of its hearers, still travels on — the sturdy chronicler of births and deaths, of hopes and fears, of sorrows and of joys. I know of nothing which will more strongly contrast this quiet old place with your Babel of a town than the fact that the old clock still ticks on without a minute-hand. Here it was enough to know the *hours*. No rail-way, no steamboat, with a mail-wagon still starting 'soon after breakfast ;' what had they to do with minutes ! Primitive and peaceful people ! how could you realize how the fate of families — the happiness of generations might hang upon ten minutes of 'recorded time' !

Let us wander to the beach. How strong and invigorating is the salt air ! I step with the elasticity of a boy. The sand-hills are past, and the broad Atlantic is before me. Nothing between me and France ! and a little to the north there, where I point, lies England. Think of it, Diedrich ! what a witching magnetism in the rolling surf — the

awful roar, for an unaccustomed ear ! Of all earthly things the fickle, restless, faithless sea is changed the least.

'TIME writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow ;
Such as Creation's morn beheld, thou rollest now.'

Darkness has gathered and still I linger. I am alone with the majesty of Nature. No sight, no sound, no single thing suggestive even of the existence of man on earth. I am alone with HIM and HIS majestic works.

Yours,

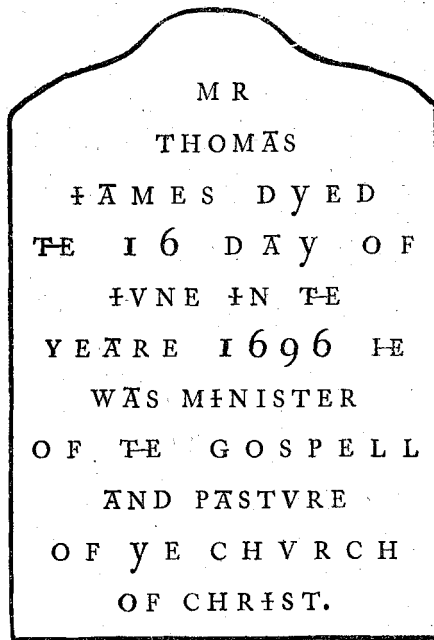
P. VAN M.

August 22d.

MY DEAR DIEDRICH : I would you could have been with me at day-break this morning. It is barely possible you went to the opera last night. I was awakened from the most delicious of slumbers by an opera this morning, executed by a corps of singers, I venture to assert, you have never heard equalled. A venerable pear-tree, hoary with the mosses of a century, over-hangs and over-shadows my window. It is the home, I verily believe, of generations of robins, and at the first peep of dawn the *mater-familias*, the prima-donna of the troupe, opened her throat, and as one after another the chorus joined her in thanksgiving for another beauteous day, it seemed to my half-waking thoughts that an angelic choir was lulling me to softest repose while conveying me to the realization of higher beatitudes. For an hour or more did they vie with each other in their songs of praise. Now a solo from some distinguished soprano would seem to astonish the troupe. I thought I recognized the *Zauberflöte* in several. Then a duet from *Norma*, which there was no disguising. The *Brindesa* followed ; then after a brief disturbance from an envious blue-bird who had dared to light on a remote branch — but had been indignantly driven away by a smart young cock — came a heroic chaunt, the basis of which I am sure was the duet in *Belisario*. Was there ever heard an opera like that in your Babel of a town ?

Breakfast is past — and such a breakfast ! Clams 'that were clams,' roasted to a nicety, luscious and tempting. Corn-cakes from corn of my good landlady's own raising, and ground, I believe, in her own wind-mill ! And coffee with an abundance of absolute *cream* ! I should not venture this, my good Diedrich, but that you know me a man of veracity. It is a commodity of which most New-Yorkers have read at school, and the reality of which you may possibly remember. Let us walk. The general features of the place are by day-light peculiar and characteristic, but the most prominent of all are its wind-mills and its geese. At each end of the village were originally two wind-mills, a pond, and a burial-ground. But as one of the wind-mills stood near the high-way to the neighboring town, and strange horses were apt to be frightened by the whirling of its ponderous arms, it has been removed. Of the ponds and their inhabitants more anon. Let us now look into the old grave-yard. Moss-covered and venerable mementoes of generations gone by, with what reverence do I salute you ! Here rest the ashes of the patriots and sages of the past ! strong men and true — who

gave all their strength, stalwart arms and stalwart intellects to the cause of virtue and truth and country ! James, and Hunting, and Buell — the spiritual leaders of the little flock for a century and a half ; Gardiner, Hedges, Tallmadge, Osborne, Miller, Dayton, Mulford. Were I to attempt the names of all the patriots, I must needs copy the records of the town. Some of the epitaphs are quaint enough. Witness that of Mr. James, their first pastor :



Pasture of the Church ! And very good spiritual fodder they must have had, Diedrich, judging from some of his sermons still extant.

The tomb-stone of the Rev. Doct Buell, commences :

‘ Reader, behold this tomb with reverence and regret.’

Of this last gentleman, who died in A.D. 1798, many anecdotes are still fresh in the memory of the people. He was a gentleman of the old school, and although a staunch Whig, was intimate with Sir William Erskine and Governor Tryon, between whom and himself many letters passed, which are still extant. It seems he was somewhat of a sportsman, as well as a man of learning, and occasionally joined the British officers in the chase. On one occasion when he had been invited, he chanced to be late, and the party had mounted ; but Sir William Erskine, who had a high veneration for his character, seeing him approach, ordered them to dismount to receive him. This considerably chaffed a young aid-de-camp of Sir William’s, Lord Percy, afterward Duke of Northumberland, and who was walking back-and-forth in high

impatience as the Doctor was presented. By way of introducing conversation, the Doctor asked him — ‘What part of His Majesty’s forces he had the honor to command?’ Percy answered: ‘A legion of devils from hell!’ ‘Then, Sir,’ said the Doctor, doffing his hat, and making a profound obeisance, ‘I presume I have the honor to address Beelzebub, the Prince of the Devils!’ Percy was wroth, but the general laugh was against him, and good-humor was restored. Once when Erskine had ordered certain work to be done on Sunday, and told the Doctor of it, ‘I know it,’ said he; ‘but I am commander of this people on that day, and have countermanded the order.’ Sir William acquiesced.

Time and the disintegrating influence of the salt air are fast rendering the older epitaphs illegible. It is to be hoped some Old Mortality of the town will have sufficient veneration for his ancestry to reproduce the inscriptions.

Yours,

P. VAN M.

August 28th.

MY DEAR DIEDRICH: I have this morning witnessed what I presume you, with all your experience and observation, have never yet seen, namely:

A GANDER FIGHT.

‘NAY, good goose, bite not.’ — ROMEO AND JULIET.

Wandering down to my usual eleven o’clock dip in the surf, my attention was attracted by an unusual chattering and noise among the geese; a peculiar note it was, not loud and screechy as of an alarm, nor yet lofty and sonorous as when they discuss the weather; but low, intensely earnest, and multitudinous, somewhat like the voice of a host of men engaged in discussing all at once some topic of absorbing interest. On looking toward the pond, to my astonishment not a single goose was visible. I gazed up and around, and for a few moments was unable to determine whence the sounds proceeded. On turning the corner of the adjoining farm-house, however, I discovered that the congregated wisdom of the young *ansers* and their ancestors were discussing some subject of paramount importance in the inclosed farm-yard. Knowing the propensity of the bird to stop all proceedings on the appearance of his two-legged cousins who do not wear feathers, I did not venture to approach the open gate-way, but contented myself with peeping through a convenient crack, whence I saw as follows. Forming a ring of from twenty to thirty feet in diameter, were assembled some two hundred geese, mostly feminine, all intently occupied in watching and cheering on a combat which was going on in the centre of the arena between a pair of stalwart and able-bodied ganders. Every neck was stretched to its utmost tension, every voice uttered with low but intense earnestness its owner’s sentiments of praise or encouragement, of fear or favor, as the blows of the favored champion told upon the adversary. Of the cause and origin of the fight I am left to conjecture, and the known habits of the race. This much, however, is certain, that while the various flocks of the village have each their own house-

hold leader, the whole community have also an acknowledged head, whom they look up to, revere, and obey as the patriarch, champion, and umpire of the settlement. Indeed so well is this settled that one of the intelligent gentlemen of the village assured me that one of the venerable old ganders, which he pointed out, had been the acknowledged head of affairs for at least twenty years. I was also informed that the title to this enviable patriarchate is not obtained in our modern democratic republican way of the ballot-box, but by the old judicial 'trial by combat,' or 'wager of battle;' in fact that the government is a perfect autocracy. I may therefore reasonably suppose that the trial which I witnessed was '*an affair of state*,' and intended for settling the government on a permanent basis. Let us now take a look at the combatants. The one was an old and rather venerable gander, gray in color, and full of muscle and unflinching pluck. The other, pure white in color, young in years, but having a decided advantage over his older rival in lightness and springiness. I thought I had no difficulty in determining the friends of either in the surrounding crowd. The younger and more sleek-looking portion, especially the females, set up a chattering cheer whenever the younger champion planted a quick blow with his wing, or plucked a feather from his antagonist; while the old fogies, venerable counsellors of state, and aged matrons, stood by their revered 'pater familias' with unvarying devotion. Unhappily I am not conversant with the terms of the ring, or I would give you such a scientific account of the various 'rounds' of this 'match' as would do honor to the columns of '*The Spirit of the Times*,' or '*Life in London*. Certes, the fight itself would have done honor to the 'heroes' and 'champions' of the best contested fields.

I have no means of knowing how long the fight had been going on when I came up. Now, however, the great aim of the combatants seemed to be to catch the adversary by the neck near its junction with the body, and, once having a good grip, to wring and twist at it until either the feathers were plucked, or to lacerate the skin until blood should follow. Meantime, the blows from their powerful wings resounded with a whack that echoed across the pond. Were you ever flogged by a gander when you were a boy, Diedrich? I certify you that a blow from the wing of a stout, old fellow is no joke. He will leave your knees black and blue for a fortnight! At length a vigorous hit from the right wing of the old one seemed to close up the eye of his enemy. Great were the acclamations of the seniors at this *coup de main*. Invigorated by applause, his courage stimulated by hope, he planted another and another. The ground was covered with the plucked trophies of the fight; it was a bed of feathers. The white one's neck and breast were nearly bare; his flesh was torn, and the blood trickled from his wounds. He wavered, staggered, reeled. A final blow on his blind side settled him, and he sank disabled, plucky but overpowered! He rose in shame and started for the pond. And now behold all his former friends, summer friends, so staunch and vociferous in his cause but a brief space before, hailed his retreat with shouts of derision and hisses of scorn! The whole troupe, the conqueror at the head, followed him down, each long neck stretched to give him another bite, each

screeching mouth open to hiss him in contempt from Goosedom ! He returned no more, but sought in exile the usual reward of misfortunate aspirers to royalty ! He did his best. I thought they treated him badly ; but after all, *Diedrich*, it was very much as human geese would have done !

Yours,
P. VAN M.

August 31st.

MY DEAR DIEDRICH : What a morning for a roll in the surf ! How you must be sweltering in your reeking and filth evaporating town, with more scents to steam in your nostrils than Coleridge counted in Cologne ! Pagh ! I would I could translate your olfactories to this Elysium of the nose. The fresh dew lying on the grass, roses and wild honey-suckles clambering in at your open window, and over all 'the sweet South,' stealing strength from the calm ocean. Every breath is a beatitude ; you snuff in health and elasticity. This is 'the breath of life.' No dead miasmatic poisons drug your system here, no —, phew ! what's that ? 'An ancient and fish-like smell' seems to come from landward. Well, there is a slight drawback, after all. Decayed 'bunkers' are rather strong. The truth is, that the deceased fish afford their only manure. They enter into the composition of every thing you eat. 'All flesh is grass,' and all grass is fish ! The old town might well exclaim with the royal Dane :

'Oh ! my offence is rank, it smells —'

I'm not sure but the good folk might add the sequence, considering the fishiness of their nature.

'It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder !'

As *Mercutio* says :

'O flesh ! flesh ! how art thou fishified !'

But let us go down and bathe. The old town has become quite a watering-place. Some two hundred people, quiet, sober, and refined, are gathered here for a six weeks' sojourn. I do not think you could well find a better society. It is eleven o'clock, and they are all upon the beach, a motley and curious-looking assemblage, in their gay bathing-dresses. Here at least is no standing upon ceremony. How the long, rolling swell comes tumbling in, breaking and combing over some hundred rods from the shore. Do you know how to bathe in it, *Diedrich* ? I do assure you it is not every man who can get a comfortable bath in the surf. First of all, having donned your attire — let it be plain flannel by all means, and cut off at the elbows and knees — take a sharp run up and down the beach, of say ten rods : it will start your blood, so that you get not the fragment of a chill. Then watch the roll of the surf, take a run into it and jump over the first one you meet at knee-high ; go on now, there is a monster to meet you. It looks mountain high to you, and as if it must hurl you like a chip to the shore, and so it will if you meet it not bravely. Stand still until the top of it begins to comb over, and when it strikes you it will roll you in the sand like a tub ; but you will neither stand still nor wait its coming,

but clasping your hands above your head, dive straight into it, and as it rolls on, you emerge from its seaward-side; standing calmly in waist-deep water, your whole frame nerved by the electric shock, every muscle in its utmost tension and the whole system thrilling in ecstasy. You meet another and another with the same experience, until a sense of fatigue warns you to desist. If you are wise you will heed the very first indication of uneasiness. Verily it is a glorious luxury. I am told that some of the natives display astonishing skill and agility in their combats with the waves, but I could never persuade one of them to go in, either from a natural dislike to water, or from the fact that they have mostly been on sea-voyages and so had enough of it.

Walking out with my friend the Doctor one moon-light evening, we suddenly came pat upon a party of the feminines enjoying a bath *in puris*, that is, I mean, we fell in unexpectedly with a strictly private bathing-party, and as it was a private affair, we took but the first glance and retired, rejoicing that they remained ignorant of our distant intrusion. It is fabled that the East-Hampton maidens are magnificent bathers, that they are mermaids in disguise; but who can tell?

Our interest has been a good deal excited for a few days past by the melancholy and desolate appearance of a gentleman we have frequently met on the beach. No one seems to know whence he came, or for what purpose. His vigorous frame and firm tread preclude the idea of any great debility, whence we conclude he is not in search of health. He speaks to no one, but walks continually up and down the beach, stopping for a moment now and then to gaze intently toward the open sea. On a near approach, I was shocked by the wo-begone and ghastly expression of his countenance. To my brief salutation he made no recognition, but wandered on, his eyes fixed upon the sand and his whole soul apparently absorbed in some sad and melancholy reflection. We have dubbed him the 'Melancholy Man.' So much has his appearance excited our attention, that he has become a frequent topic of conversation, and it is now a part of our daily amusement while at the beach to watch his solitary and erratic movements. My nephew, who I am afraid considers himself something of a wag, has ventured the following at the expense of the unhappy gentleman:

‘TO THE ‘MELANCHOLY MAN.’

‘Who art thou, ‘Melancholy Man,’ whose daily walk
Is by the lashings of the roaring tide;
Who gazest wistfully as if in secret talk
With wild sea-spirits that the surges ride:
And wandering to-and-fro, by watchfulness would balk
Some secret mischief that might else be tried?
Mysterious, ghostly, shadowy, and wan,
Whence, who, what art thou, ‘Melancholy Man?’

‘Has some deep grief ‘thy young brow shaded,’
And is thy poor heart quivering with emotion?
Its priceless treasures hast thou rashly traded
For gold, or gall, or some new Yankee notion;
And since in depths of bitterness thy soul has waded,
Wouldst wash thy memory in the briny ocean?
Perhaps thou hadst a scolding wife and hither ran
To ‘scape her chidings, O most Melancholy Man!

'Art thou reflective in thy turn of mind?
 Dost thou find sermons in the ocean's roar,
 Hear awful mysteries in the rushing wind,
 See Life's quick changes in the shifting shore?
 Ah! happy he whose restlessness may find
 Relief where few have found relief before!
 But after all, mayhap thou 'rt but a fisherman,
 Seeking 'a school of bunkers,' 'Melancholy Man!'

'Or has thy soft heart fallen 'neath the spell
 Of some fair mermaid's syren melody,
 As with her coral lips she plies the azure shell,
 And sends its breathings o'er the heaving sea?
 Ah! then remember that which once befel
 Ulysses might once again befall to thee!
 Hast thou a fancy down amongst the depths to revel
 With such-odd looking fish, O melancholy devil?

'Hast thou some loved one sleeping 'neath the wave,
 Whose form is ever present to thy glassy eye:
 Some darling brother, toward whose watery grave
 Thy yearning heart must ever needs draw nigh:
 Or manhood's friend, who died as die the brave?
 Ah! cold indeed the breast that yields thee not a sigh!
 Or art thou, 'Melancholy Man,' some poor dyspeptic,
 Whom doctor's pills and boluses have kept sick?

'Speak out, O 'Melancholy Man,' and not forever
 Thus in brooding silence and unbending wo,
 Be stalking up and down as if thou never
 Hadst seen a friend. Joy doth not go
 Halting at such funeral pace! Oh! sever
 The tie that binds thee to the fiend, thy foe:
 Mysterious, ghostly, shadowy, and wan,
 Tell us what art thou, 'Melancholy Man!'

P. VAN M.

H O M E V O I C E S .

I AM so home-sick in this summer weather!
 Where is my home upon this weary earth?
 The maple trees are bursting into freshness
 Around the pleasant place that gave me birth.

But dearer far, a grave for me is waiting,
 Far up among the pine tree's greener shade:
 The willow boughs the hand of love has planted
 Wave o'er the hillock where my dead are laid.

Why go without me, O ye loved and loving?
 What has earth left of happiness or peace?
 Let me come to you where the heart grows calmer,
 Let me lie down where life's wild strugglings cease.

Earth has no home for hearts so worn and weary,
 Life has no second spring for such a year!
 Oh! for the day that bids me come to meet you
 And life in gladness in that summons hear!

R.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

A Blue-Nosed Pair of the most Cerulean Hue — Prospects of a Hard Bargain — Case of Necessity — Romantic Lake with an Unromantic Name — The Discussion concerning Oat-Meal — Danger of the Gasterophilii — McGibbet makes a Proposition — Farewell to the 'Balaklava' — A Mid-Night Journey — Sydney — Boat Excursion to the Mic Macs — Picton takes off his Mackintosh.

How much human features could be modified by eating oat-meal was plainly visible in the countenances of McGibbet and his lady-love. Both had an unmistakable equine cast; McGibbet, wild, scraggy, and scrubby, with a tuft on his poll that would not have been out of place between the ears of a plough-horse, stared at us, just as such an animal would naturally over the top of a fence; while his gentle mate, who had more of the amiable draught-horse in her aspect, winked at us with both eyes from under a close-crimped frill, that bore a marvellous resemblance to a head-stall. The pair had evidently just returned from kirk. To say nothing of McGibbet's hat and his wife's shawl on a chair, and his best boots on the hearth, (for he was walking about in his stockings,) there was a dry *preceese* air about them, which plainly betokened they were newly stiffened up with the moral starch of the conventicle, and were therefore well prepared to drive a hard bargain for a horse and wagon to Sydney. But what surprised me most of all was the imperturbable coolness of Picton. Without taking a look scarcely at the persons he was addressing, the traveller stalked in with an — 'I say, we want a horse and wagon to Sydney; so look sharp, will you, and turn out the best thing you've got here?'

The moral starch of the conventicle stiffened up instantly. Like the blacksmith of Cairnvreckan, who, as a *professor*, would drive a nail for no man on the Sabbath or kirk-fast, unless in a case of absolute necessity, and then always charged an extra saxpence for each shoe; so it was plain to be seen that McGibbet had a conscience which required to be pricked both with that which knows no law, and the saxpence extra. He turned to his wife and addressed her in *Gaelic*! Then I knew what was coming.

Mrs. McGibbet opened the subject by saying that they were both accustomed to the observance of the Sabbath, and that 'she did n't think it was right for man to transgress, when the law was so plain —'

Here McGibbet broke in and said that — 'He was free to confess he had commeetted a ggreat menny theengs kwwhich were a ggreat deal worse than Sabbath breaking.'

Upon which Mrs. McG. interrupted him in turn with a few words, which, although in Gaelic, a language we did not understand, conveyed

the impression that she was not addressing her liege lord in the language of endearment, and again continued in English: 'That it was held sinful in the community to wark, or do any thing o' the sort, or to fetch or carry even a sma bundle ——'

'For kwich,' said McGibbet; 'is a fine to be paid to the meenister, of five shillins currency ——'

Here Picton stopped whistling a bar of 'Bonny Doon,' and observed to me: 'About a dollar of your money. We'll pay the fine.'

'Yes,' chimed in McGibbet, 'a dollar——' and was again stopped by his wife, who raised her eyebrows to the borders of her kirk-frill and brought them down vehemently over her blue eyes at him.

'Or to travel the road,' she said, 'even on foot, to say nothing of a wagon and horse.'

'But,' interrupted Picton, 'my dear Madam, we must get on, I tell you; I must be in Sydney to-morrow, to catch the steamer for St. John's.'

At this observation of the traveller the pair fell back upon their Gaelic for a while, and in the mean time Picton whispered me: 'I see; they want to raise the price on us: but we won't give in; they'll be sharp enough after the job by-and-by.'

The pair turned toward us and both shook their heads. It was plain to be seen the conference had not ended in our favor.

'Ye see,' said the gude-wife, 'we are accustomed to the observance of the Sabbath, and would na like to break it, except ——'

'In a case of necessity; you are perfectly right,' chimed in Picton; 'I agree with you myself. Now this is a case of necessity; here we are; we must get on, you see; if we do n't get on we miss the steamer to-morrow for St. John's—she only runs once a fortnight there—it's plain enough a clear case of necessity; it's like,' continued Picton, evidently trying to corner some authority in his mind, 'it's like—let me see—it's like—a—pulling—a sheep out of a ditch—a—which they always do on the Sabbath, you know, to a—get us on to Sydney.'

Both McGibbet and his wife smiled at Picton's ingenuity, but straightway put on the equine look again. 'It might be so; but it was clean contrary to their preenciples.'

'I'll be hanged,' whispered Picton, 'if I offer more than the usual price, which I heard at Louisburgh was one pound, ten, and the fine extra. I see what they are after.'

There was an awkward pause in the negotiations. McGibbet scratched his poll, and looked wistfully at his wife, but the kirk-frill was stiffened up with the moral starch, as aforesaid.

Suddenly Picton looked out of the window. 'By Jove!' said he, 'I think the wind is changed! After all, we may get around in the 'Balaklava.'

McGibbet looked somewhat anxiously out of the window also, and grunted out a little more Gaelic to his love. The kirk-frill relented a trifle. 'Perhaps the gentlemen wad like a glass of milk after thae long walk? and Robert,' (which she pronounced Robbut,) 'a bit o' the corn-cake.' Upon which Robbut, with great alacrity, turned toward the

bed-room, from whence he brought forth a great white disk, that resembled the head of a flour-barrel, but which proved to be a full-grown griddle-cake of corn-meal. This, with the pure milk, from the cleanest of scoured pans, was acceptable enough after the long walk.

We had observed some beautiful streams, and blue glimpses of lakes on the road to McGibbet's, and just beyond his house was a larger lake, several miles in extent, with picturesque hills on either side, indented with coves, and studded with islands, sometimes stretching away to distant slopes of green turf, and sometimes reflecting masses of precipitous rock, crowned with the spiry tops of spruces and firs. Indeed all the country around, both meadow and upland, was very pleasing to the sight. A low range of hills skirted the northern part of what seemed to be a spacious, natural amphitheatre, while on the south side a diversity of high-lands and water added to the whole the charm of variety.

'You have a fine country about you, Mr. McGibbet,' said I.

'Ay,' he replied.

'And what is it called here?'

'We ca' it Get-Along!' said Robbut, with an intensely Scotch accent on the 'Get.'

'And yonder beautiful lake — what is the name of that?' said I, in hopes of taking refuge behind something more euphonic.

'Oh! ay,' replied he, 'that's just Get-Along, too. We doan't usually speak of it, but whan we do, we just ca' it Get-Along Lake, and it's not good for much.'

I thought it best to change the subject. 'Do you like this as well as the oat-cake?' said I, with my mouth full of the dry, husky provender.

'Nae,' said McGibbet, with an equine shake of the head, 'it's not sae fellin.'

Not so filling! Think of that, ye pampered minions of luxury, who live only upon delicate viands; who prize food, not as it is useful, but as it is tasteful; who can even encourage a depraved, sensual appetite so far as to appreciate flavor; who enjoy meats, fish, and poultry only as they minister to your palates; who flirt with spring-chickens and trifle with sweet-breads in wanton indolence, without a thought of your cubic capacity; without a reflection that you can live just as well upon so many square inches of oat-meal a day as you can upon the most elaborate French kickshaws; nay, that you can be elevated to the level of a scientific problem, and work out your fillings, with nothing to guide you but a slate and pencil!

'Then you like oat-meal better than this?' said Picton, worrying down a husky lump, with a cup of milk.

'Ay,' responded McGibbet.

'And you always eat it, whenever you can get it, I suppose?' continued Picton, with a most innocent air.

'Ay,' responded McGibbet.

'I should think some of you Scotchmen would be afraid of contracting a disease that is engendered in the system by the use of this sort of grain? I hope Mr. McGibbet,' said Picton, with imperturbable coolness, 'you keep clear of the bots, and that sort of thing, you know?'

'Kwat?' said Robbut, with the most startled, horse-like look he had yet put on.

'The gasterophilii,' replied Picton, 'which I would advise you to steer clear of, if you want to live long.'

As this was a word with too many gable-ends for Robbut's comprehension, he only responded by giving such a smile as a man might be expected to give who had his mouth full of aloes, and as the conversation was wandering off from the main point, addressed himself to Mrs. McG. in the vernacular again.

'We would like to obleege ye,' said the lady, 'if it was not for the transgression; and we do na like to break the Sabbath for any man.'

'Although,' interposed Robbut, 'I am free to confess that I have done a great many things worse than breakin' the Sabbath.'

'But if to-morrow would do as well,' resumed his wife, 'Robbut would take ye to Sydney.'

To this Picton shook his head. 'Too late for the steamer.'

'Or to-night; I wad na mind that,' said the pious Robbut, '*if it was after dark*, and that will bring ye to Sydney before the morn.'

'That will do,' said Picton, slapping his thigh. 'Lend us your horse and wagon to go down to the schooner and get our luggage; we will be back this evening, and then go on to Sydney, eh? That will do; a ride by moonlight;' and the traveller jumped up from his seat, walked with great strides toward the fire-place, turned his back to the blaze, hung a coat-tail over each arm, and whistled 'Annie Laurie' at Mrs. McGibbet.

The suggestion of Picton meeting the views of all concerned, the diplomacy ended. Robbut put himself in his Sunday boots, and hitched up a spare rib of a horse before a box-wagon without springs, which he brought before the door with great complacency. The traveller and I were soon on the ground-floor of the vehicle, seated upon a log of wood by way of cushion; and with a chirrup from McGibbet, off we went. At the foot of the first hill, our horse stopped; in vain Picton jerked at the rein, and shouted at him: not a step further would he go, until Robbut himself came down to the rescue. 'Get along, Boab!' said his master; and Bob, with a mute, pitiful appeal in his countenance, turned his face toward salt-water. At the foot of the next hill he stopped again, when the irascible Picton jumped out, and with one powerful twitch of the bridle, gave Boab such a hint to 'get on,' that it nearly jerked his head off. And Boab did get on, only to stop at the ascent of the next hill. Then we began to understand the tactics of the animal. Boab had been the only conveyance between Louisburgh and Sydney for many years, and, as he was usually over-burthened, made a point to stop at the up-side of every hill on the road, to let part of his freight get out and walk to the top of the acclivity with him. So, by way of compromise, we made a feint of getting out at every rise of ground, and Boab, who always turned his head around at each stopping-place, seemed to be satisfied with the observance of the ceremony, and trotted gayly forward. At last we came to a place we had named Sebastopol in the morning—a great sharp edge of rock as high as a man's waist, that cut the road in half, over which we lifted the wagon, and were

soon in view of the bright little harbor and the 'Balaklala' at anchor. Mr. McAlpin kindly gave quarters to our steed in his out-house, and offered to raise a signal for the schooner to send a boat ashore. As he was Deputy United States Consul, and as I was tired of the red-cross of St. George, I asked him to hoist his consular flag. Up to the flag-staff truck rose the roll of white and red worsted, then uncoiled, blew out, and the blessed stars and stripes were waving over me. It is surprising to think how transported one can be sometimes with a little bit of bunting!

And now the labor of packing-up commenced, of which Picton had the greatest share by far: the little cabin of the schooner was pretty well spread out with his traps on every side; and this being ended, Picton got out his travelling-organ and blazed away in a *finale* of great tunes and small, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, as the humor took him. After all, we parted from the jolly little craft with regret: our trunks were lowered over the side; we shook hands with all on board; and were rowed in silence to the land.

I have had some experience in travelling, and have learned to bear with ordinary firmness and philosophy the incidental discomforts one is certain to meet with on the road; but I must say, the discipline already acquired had not prepared me for the unexpected appearance of our wagon after Picton's luggage was placed in it. First, two solid English trunks of sole-leather filled the bottom of the vehicle; then the traveller's Minié-rifle, life-preserver, strapped-up blankets, and hand-bag were stuffed in the sides; over these again were piled my trunk and the traveller's valise, (itself a monster of straps and sole-leather;) then again his portable-secretary and the hand-organ in a box. These made such a pyramid of luggage, that riding ourselves was out of the question. What with the trunks and the cordage to keep them staid, our wagon looked like a ship of the desert. To crown all, it began to rain steadily. 'Now, then,' said Picton, climbing up on his confounded travelling equipage, 'let's get on.' With some difficulty I made a half-seat on the corner of my own trunk; Picton shouted out at Boab; the Newfoundland sailors who had brought us ashore, put their shoulders to the wheels, and away we went, waving our hats in answer to the hearty cheers of the sailors. It was down-hill from McAlpin's to the first bridge, and so far we had nothing to care for, except to keep a look-out we were not shaken off our high perch. But at the foot of the first hill Boab stopped! In vain Picton shouted at him to get on; in vain he shook rein and made a feint of getting down from the wagon. Boab was not intractable, but he was sagacious; he had been fed on that sort of chaff too long. Picton and I were obliged to humor his prejudices, and dismount in the mud, and after one or two feeble attempts at a ride, gave it up, walked down-hill and up, lifted the wagon by inches over Sebastopol, and finally arrived at McGibbet's wet, tired, and hungry. That Sabbath-broker received us with a grim smile of satisfaction, put on the half-extinguished fire the smallest bit of wood he could find in the pile beside the hearth, and then went away with Boab to the stable. 'Gloomy prospects ahead, Picton!' The traveller said never a word.

Now I wish to record here this, that there is no place, no habitation of man, however humble, that cannot be lighted up with a smile of welcome, and the good right-hand of hospitality, and made cheerful as a palace hung with the lamps of Aladdin !

McGibbet, after leading his beast to the stable, returned, and warming his wet hands at the fire, grunted out : ' It rains the nighcht.'

' Yes,' answered Picton hastily, ' rains like blue blazes : I say, get us a drop of whiskey, will you ?'

To this the equine replied by folding his hands one over the other with a saintly look. ' I never keep that thing in the hoose.'

' Picton,' said I, ' if we could only unleash our luggage, I have a bottle of capital old brandy in my trunk, but it's too much trouble.'

' Oh ! na,' quoth Robbut with a most accommodating look, ' it will be nae trooble to get to it.'

' Well, then,' said Picton, ' look sharp, will you ?' and our host, with great swiftness, moved off to the wagon, and very soon returned with the trunk on his shoulder, according to directions.

' But,' said I, taking out the bottle of precious fluid, ' here it is, corked up tight, and what is to be done for a cork-screw ?'

' I've got one,' said the saint.

' I thought it was likely,' quoth Picton dryly ; ' look sharp, will you ?'

And Robbut did look sharp, and produced the identical instrument before Picton and I had exchanged smiles. Then Robbut spread out three green tumblers on the table, and following Picton's lead, poured out a stout half-glass, at which I shouted out, ' Hold up !' for I thought he was filling the tumbler for my benefit. It proved to be a mistake ; Robbut stopped for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, covered the tumbler with his four fingers, and, to use a Western phrase, ' got outside of the contents quicker than lightning.' Then he brought from his bed-room a coarse sort of worsted horse-blanket, and with a ' Ye'll maybe like to sleep an hour or twa ?' threw down his family-quilt and retired to the arms of Mrs. McG. Picton gave a great crunching blow with his boot-heel at the back-stick, and laid on a good supply of fuel. We were wet through and through, but we wrapped ourselves in our travelling-blankets like a brace of clansmen in their plaids, put our feet toward the niggardly blaze, and were soon bound and clasped with sleep.

At two o'clock our host roused us from our hard bed, and after a stretch, to get the stiffness out of joints and muscles, we took leave of the Presbyterian quarters. The day was just dawning : at this early hour, lake and hill-side, tree and thicket, were barely visible in the gray twilight. The wagon, with its pyramid of luggage, moved off in the rain, McGibbet walking beside Boab, and Picton and I following after, with all the gravity of chief mourners at a funeral. To give some idea of the road we were upon, let it be understood, it had once been an old *French* military road, which, after the destruction of the fortress of Louisburgh, had been abandoned to the British government and the elements. As a consequence, it was embroidered with the ruts and gullies of a century, the washing of rains, and the tracks of wagons ; howbeit, the only traverse upon it in later years were the

wagon of McGibbet and saddle-horse of the post-rider. 'Get-along' had a population of seven hundred Scotch presbyters, and therefore it will be easy to understand the condition of its turn-pike.

Up-hill and down-hill, through slough and over rock, we trudged, for mile after mile. Sometimes beside Get-along Lake, with its gray, spectral islands and wood-lands; sometimes by rushing brooks and dreary farm-fields; now in paths close set with evergreens; now in more open ground, skirted with hills and dotted with silent, two-penny cottages. Sometimes Picton mounted his pyramid of sole-leather for a mile or so of nods; sometimes I essayed the high perch, and holding on by a cord, dropped off in a moment's forgetfulness, with the constant fear of waking up in a mud-hole, or under the wagon-wheels. But even these respites were brief. It is not easy to ride up-hill and down by rock and rut, under such conditions. We were very soon convinced it was best to leave the wagon to its load of sole-leather, and walk through the mud to Sydney.

After mouldy Halifax, and war-worn Louisburgh, the little town of Sydney is a pleasant rural picture. Every body has heard of the Sydney coal-mines: we expected to find the miner's finger-marks every where; but instead of the smoky, sulphurous atmosphere, and the black road, and the sulky, grimy brick tenements, we were surprised with clean, white picket-fences; and green lawns, and clever little cottages, nestled in shrubbery and clover. The mines are over the bay; five miles from South-Sydney. Slowly we dragged on, until we came to a sleepy little one-story inn, with supernatural dormer windows risen, not rising, out of the roof, before which Boab stopped. We *paid* McGibbet's kirk-fine, wagon-fare, and his unconscionable charge for his conscience without parleying with him; we were too sleepy to indulge in the luxury of a monetary skirmish. A pretty, red-cheeked chambermaid, with lovely drooping eyes, showed us to our rooms; it was yet very early in the morning; we were almost ashamed to get into bed with such dazzling white sheets after the dark-brown accommodations of the 'Balaklava'; but we did get in, and slept; oh! how sweetly! until breakfast at one!

Twenty-four miles of such foot-travel will do pretty well for an invalid, eh, Picton?

'All serene?' quoth the traveller interrogatively.

'Feel as well as ever I did in my life,' said I, with great satisfaction.

'Then let's have a bath,' and, at Picton's summons, the chambermaid brought up in our rooms two little tubs of fair water, and a small pile of fat, white napkins. The bathing over, and the outer men new clad, 'from top to toe,' down we went to the cosy parlor to breakfast; and such a breakfast!

I tell you, my kind and gentle friend; *you* who are now reading this paragraph, that here, as in all other parts of the world, there are a great many kinds of people; only that here, in Nova Scotia, the difference is in spots, not in individuals. And I will venture to say to those philanthropists who are eternally preaching 'of the masses,' and 'to the masses,' that here 'masses' can be found — concrete 'masses,' not yet individualized: as ready to jump after a leader as a flock of

sheep after a bell-wether ; only that at every interval of five or ten miles between place and place in Nova Scotia, they are apt to jump in contrary directions. There are Scotch Nova Scotiaites even in Sydney. Otherwise the place is marvellously pleasant.

I must confess that I had a romantic sort of idea in visiting Sydney. A desire to return by way of the *Bras d' Or* lake, the 'arm of gold,' the inland sea of Cape Breton, that makes the island itself only a border for the water in its interior ; and as the navigation is frequently performed by the Mic Mac Indians, in their birch-bark canoes, I determined to be a *voyageur* for the nonce, and engage a couple of Mic Macs to paddle me homeward, at least one day's journey. The wigwams of the tribe were pitched about a mile from the town, and I proposed a visit to their camp as an afternoon's amusement. Picton readily assented, and down we went to the wharf, where the landlady assured us we would find some of the tribe. These Indians, often expert coopers, are employed to barrel up fish ; the busy wharf was covered with laborers hard at work, heading and hooping ship-loads of salt mackerel ; and among the workmen were some with the unmistakable lozenge eyes, high cheek-bones, and rhubarb complexion of the native American. Upon inquiry we were introduced to one of the Rhubarbarians. He was a little fellow, not in leggings and quill-embroidered hunting-shirt, with belt of wampum and buckskin moccasins, and armed with bow and arrow, tomahawk and scalping-knife ; such as one would expect to navigate a wild, romantic lake with, in birch-bark canoe ; but a pinched-up specimen of a man, in a seedy black suit, out of which rose a broad, flat face, like the orb of a sun-flower, bearing on one side the aboriginal black eye, and on the other the civilized, surrounded with the blue and purple halo of battle. We had barely opened our business with him, when a bonny Scotchman, a fellow-cooper of salt-mackerel, introduced himself : 'O ye visit the Mic Macs the day ?' No answer. 'Deil a canoe has ye to tak ye there,' (the Indian slunk away,) 'but I'll tak ye tull 'em for one and saxpence in a gude boat.' The fellow had such an honest face, and the offer was so fair and earnest, that Picton's and my own trifling prejudices were soon overcome, and we directed Malcolm, for that was his name, to bring his boat under the inn-windows after the dinner-hour. I regret to say that we found Malcolm tolerably drunk after dinner, with a leaky boat, under the inn-windows. And farther, I am pained to state that the national characteristic was developed in Malcolm drunk, from which there was no appeal to Malcolm sober, for he insisted upon double fare, and time was pressing. To this we assented, after a brief review of former prejudices. We got in the boat and put off. We had barely floated away into the beautiful landscape when a fog swept over us, and Malcolm's nationality again woke up. He would have four times as much as he had charged in the first instance, or 'he'd tak us over, and land us on the ither side of the bay.'

Then Picton's nationality woke up, and he unbuttoned his mackintosh —

F I R E S I D E F A N C I E S .

BY H. T. SPERRY.

'THERE are phantoms by the Fireside,
Bearing strange resemblance to the cherished
Things of old.' HONEYWELL.

I.

THE dreary old Night with his shadowy wings
Wide spreading, broods over the land;
And the sad old song that he sullenly sings,
Comes over the sea and the strand,
Bringing up from the land of forgotten things
To my fancy a phantom band:
While the wind wails wearily, wearily.

II.

There are radiant forms in the mazy whirl,
Of the band in my dreaming brain:
One with blue eyes, dark hair in a wavy curl,
And low voice I shall hear again,
When I clasp in my arms that beautiful girl,
In the land of the golden grain:
But the wind wails wearily, wearily.

III.

And the noble ones, who fought bravely and fell
In the strife with life's heartless crowd:
And the familiar faces, whose last farewell
Was a smile from the coffin-shroud,
In this vision come forth with a witching spell,
While my heart throbbeth quick and loud:
And the wind wails wearily, wearily.

IV.

And meek little children with wondering eyes,
And brows white as the lilies fair,
Fold their pale, soft hands with a quiet surprise
At the words of a mother's prayer,
While their crimson lips murmur loving replies,
That fade into memories rare:
And the wind wails wearily, wearily.

V.

There are snatches of songs that I loved to sing
Long ago in the vanished years;
A brown mouldering wreath, with a broken ring,
Still marked with my sorrowing tears —
And a mystical dream, that bore on its wing
Dead hopes, with their lingering fears:
And the wind wails wearily, wearily.

VI.

But I write with an old man's memory now,
 While my eyes are blearing with age :
 And I sometimes think of my heart's first vow,
 That to life bore golden presage :
 Lost in its wrangling, like a leaf from the bough
 In the weird storm's fury and rage :
 And the wind wails wearily, wearily.

VII.

And soon I shall pass through the willowy way,
 To the scenes of the Silent Land,
 Where the visions are calm as a Sabbath day,
 And the dreams are solemn and grand :
 But the phantoms have softly glided away
 From my side in a spectral band :
 And the wind wails wearily, wearily.

Hartford, (Conn.)

A F U N N Y H O R R O R .

THE following melancholy reflections were found by our landlady last week in the room of Mr. Green, our attic boarder. The manuscript was in a brown hair-trunk, with a boot-jack, a razor-strop, a box of Seidlitz-powers, and an odd volume of Kotzebue's plays. Mr. Green went off a few days since, to see a friend in the country, he said. There is a tone of sad foreboding in what he writes that seems to prophesy that he will not return. Our landlady does not know when he is coming back. I guess she does not care much, for he paid his bill in full before he left ; and being a large eater, he was not what might be called a very profitable boarder.

I USED to be corpulent, rosy-cheeked, and cheerful. I am gaunt, pale, and morose now. I used to sleep sweetly ; but now I toss about upon my bed, terrified by hideous visions, and feelings as of a clammy hand or a wet cloth laid on my face. I was wont to walk about our streets after business hours and on Sundays, with a genuine smile of enjoyment lighting up my face ; but now I hurry along with my eyes cast down, and I seek by-ways and dark lanes for my rambles. My friends think I am in love ; persons who know me but slightly, suppose me a victim to remorse — imagine that I wear a hair-shirt, and macerate my flesh. They are all wrong. An old bachelor like myself has long ago buried the light of love in a tomb, and set a seal upon the great stone at the door ; and as for remorse, I owe no tailor any thing, and do not at present blame myself for any great fault, except having once subscribed for six months to the *New-York Daily Cess Pool*. Nevertheless, my face grows haggard, my step weary, and even our Thursday's beef *à la mode*, fails to tempt my enfeebled appetite.

I am haunted, haunted by a foul fiend. He meets me at six P.M. in our festive dining-room, and the fork or spoon drops from my nerveless grasp. He follows me up to the parlor, where I sometimes talk of an evening to Miss Pipkin, (Miss P. is our fourth story, front,) and I become silent in his presence, and Pipkin votes me a bore. He sits by my side when I am playing whist, and I trump my partner's trick, and the dear old game becomes disgusting. He even dared once to follow me into church, but I cried 'Avant,' in a tone so peremptory, that he fled for a moment. He joined me, however, as soon as service was over, and walked from Tenth-street to Madison Square, with his grisly arm thrust through mine, and his diabolical jeers drumming on my tympana. In dreams he perches on my breast, and clutches me by the throat.

Like the arch fiend, he assumes many shapes. He is now a tall man, and again a short man; sometimes young and audacious, sometimes old and leering. He only once took a feminine guise: that blessed form was irksome to him. He prefers the freedom of masculinity and ineffables. He was once a book-keeper, like myself; then a young attorney; then a medical student; then a bald-headed, old gentleman, who seemed to blow a flageolet for a living; and lastly, he has taken the shape of a well-to-do President of 'The Vera Cruz and Symmes' Hole Slack Water Navigation Company.' But through all these shifting shapes, I recognize him and shudder.

He is known as the Funny Fellow. Very glorious are wit and humor. I have heard many eminent lecturers discourse on the distinctions, definitions, and value of these airy good gifts. I remember being especially edified by the skill with which Spout, the eloquent, dissected the philosophy of mirth in the same style and with the same effect that the boy in the story dissected his grandmamma's bellows to see how the wind was raised. I agree with Spout that wit and humor are glorious; that satire, pricking the balloons of conceit, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, is invaluable; that a good laugh can come only from a warm heart; that the man in motley is often wiser than the judge in ermine or the priest in lawn. These qualities are goodly in literature. We all love the kindly humorists from Chaucer to Holmes inclusive. How general and gentle they are, as they sit with us around the fire-side, chucking us under the chins, and slyly poking us in the ribs; and in the field how nobly they have charged upon humbugs and shams! They have been true knights, chivalrous, kind-hearted, brave, religious; their spears are slender, perhaps, yet sharp and elastic as the blades of Toledo; and as they have galloped up and down in the lists, gayly caparisoned and cheery, it has done our hearts good to see how they have hurled into the dust the pompous, sleepy champions of error and hypocrisy.

So too, consider how pleasant a thing is mirth on the stage. Who does not thank William the Great for Falstaff, and Hackett for his personation of the fat knight? Who does not chuckle over the humors of Autolycus, rogue and peddler? Who has not felt his eye glisten, as his lip smiled, when Jesse Rural has spoken, and who will not say to Ol-lapod, 'Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one?'

Ah! me — how I used to read those jolly, unctuous authors when I was young, in the old 'sitting-room' at home! The great fire-place

glows before me now as I think of it ; its light dances on the wall ; my mother's hand is on my head ; my sister's eyes are beaming on her lover, over in the darker corner ; there is a murmur of pleasant voices ; there is quiet mirth and deep joy. I lose myself in reverie when I think of these pleasures, and almost forget the Funny Fellow.

He is pestiferous. If I were in the habit of swearing, I would let loose upon him an octagonal oath. If I were a man of muscle, it would be pleasant to get his head in chancery and bruise it. It would be a relief to present him with long bills and demand immediate payment. Was my name providentially ordered to be Green, in order that he might cast paranomasiae continually upon it ? Green is a good name. He says I am ' a pleasant sight for sore eyes.' If I am, what then ? Does he suppose that a man can live in this world thirty-five years without becoming perfectly callous to a pun on his own name ? Yet he continues to pun on mine, and says he ought to be allowed to do it with im-pun-ity. Then again, he interrupts any little attempts at pleasing conversation that may be made, with his infernal absurdities. I was speaking last winter at the dinner-table of a well-known orator who had been entertaining the town, and I flatter myself that the remarks I made were critically just as well as deeply interesting. The wretched being interrupted me.

' Mr. Green, did you mean when you said there was too much American Eagle in the speaker's discourse, that it was a talon-ted production ; and to what claws of the speech did you especially refer ?'

Miss Pipkin, who had been deeply intent on my observations, commenced to titter ; what could I do but hang my head, and swallow the rest of the meal in silence ? If I had been possessed of a quick tongue, I would have lashed him with sarcasms, and Pipkin should have rejoiced with me in his groans. But no, submit I must to his inflictions. He would come stealthily into my room and garrote me. He would seem to take me by the throat and say : ' Why do n't you laugh ; why, the great enemy of all mankind, do n't you laugh ?' And then I would force a skull-like grin at his jokes, just to get rid of him.

I said to myself, I will leave this selfish Sahara, called the city and county of New-York. I will leave its dust, dirt, noise, bulls, bears, mock-auctions, Peter Funks, Jeremy Diddlers, and, best of all, the Funny Fellow. I will take board in some rural as well as accessible place ; the mosquitoes and ague of Flushing shall refresh my frame ; the cottages of Astoria, with their pleasing view of Blackwell's Island and the Penitentiary, shall receive my wounded spirit ; I will exile myself from the United States to New-Jersey ; I will sit beneath the sweet shadow of the Quarantine on Staten Island. No, I won't ; I will go to Yonkers — Yonkers, that looks as though it had been built on a pleasant slope and then suffered a violent attack of earthquake ; daily boats shall take me from my ledger to my bed and board, at convenient hours, so that while I post books in New-York by day, I may revel in breezes, moon-light, sweet-milk, and gentle influences by night. There, said I, in a burst of excusable enthusiasm, I will recline beneath wide-spreading beeches, and pipe upon an oaten reed ; there will I listen to the soft bleating of lambs, and scent the fresh breath of cows ; nature shall touch and

thrill me with her gentle hand ; I will see the dear flowers turn their faces up to receive the kiss of the evening star, or the benediction of the summer shower. By the radiance of nature, my life shall be gilded and lengthened out as June days are gilded and prolonged by the delaying sun. There too, said I, with transport live the gay and fascinating Sparrowgrass, and he who gave his name to the pea-green monthly ; so that I may talk of books other than day-books and blotters. I will discourse reverently of authors and their creations. I will not meet the Funny Fellow, for such a wretch can be produced only in the corrupt, social hot-bed of Gotham.

So to Yonkers I went. I chose a room looking out upon the great Hudson and its splendid Palisades. I took with me a flute, a copy of the *Bucolics* of Virgil, and numerous linen garments. A great calm came over me. I was no longer haunted, goaded, oppressed. With peace bubbling up in my heart, I went down to my first supper in the new boarding-house. A goodly meal smoked on the table, and the savor of broiled shad, sweetest of smells, went up. While I sat choking myself with the bones of this delicious fish, I heard a voice on the opposite side of the table that sent the blood to my heart. If I had been feminine there would have been a fainting scene.

He was there ; his eyes gloated over the board ; a malicious quirk sat astride his fat lips. The Funny Fellow spoke to Miss Grasscloth, who sat next to him.

‘Why are the fishermen who catch these shad like wig-makers?’

‘I give it up.’

‘Because they make their living from bare polls.’

I ate no more supper. A nausea supervened. I left the table, rushed into the cool evening air, and let the benison of a fresh breeze fall on my faded cheek ; I strolled up the abominable side-walks that line the main street of Yonkers, and as I crushed my toes against the planks, and stones, and rubbish which adorn that high-way, I resolved to call on my old friend Carry —. Sweet girl, said I, those brown eyes, those fair curls, that gentle smile, will console me. She is not a Funny Fellow. We will talk together, calmly, earnestly, in the moonlight, near the noble Hudson. I will sit as near to her as her fashionable garments will permit, and forget my foe.

We walked together, Carry and I ; we talked of things good and true. I am not ashamed to say that we spoke in simple reverence of the eternal stars. Alas ! the expected comet whisked his malicious tail in our discourse. A fearful, a demoniac change came over the girl’s face. She said :

‘Do you not think, my friend, that if that erratic luminary should strike the earth, it would violate the comet-y due from one planet to another?’

I bid a hasty good-night to the brown eyes and graceful ringlets. I do n’t think she was much offended at my abrupt and angry departure, for my salary is small, and my hair is turning gray, and I do not dance.

I was not entirely discouraged. I determined to give Yonkers an impartial trial, and a true verdict to render according to the evidence. So I frequented the tea-parties and sociables that are common in that

wretched town, and strove to shake off the melancholy that clung to me like the old man of the sea. To my horror, the Funny Fellow became multiplied like the reflections in a shivered mirror. Men and women, and young, innocent children became funny, and danced about me in a horrible maze, and gibbered, and squeaked, and tossed their accursed jokes in my face. In one week I made five mortal enemies by refusing to smile when their tormenting squibs were exploded in my ears. I felt like a rustic horse who comes in his simple way into town, on the Fourth of July, and has Chinese crackers and fiery serpents cast under his heels. One evening they asked me to play the game of comparisons, (a proverbially odious game, and one that could only exist in an effete and degenerate civilization,) in which the whole company tried to see how funny they could be; and because I made stupid answers, I was laughed at by the young ladies.

I became sick of Yonkers and returned to my intramural boarding-house on St. John's Park. The Funny Fellow met me on the first stair-case. His eyes glared in triumph. He spoke:

'Mr. Green, have you heard of the row the oystermen at Prince's Bay are kicking up about the location of the Quarantine at Seguin's Point?'

'I have, Sir, and think their conduct, in the premises, unreasonable.'

'My dear Mr. Green, don't say unreasonable, say s(h)ell-fish; for don't you see they are afraid the bivalves will catch some contagious disease and be confined to their beds thereby?'

I rushed to the room where I am now seated. There is but one hope left me.

In the Territory of Nebraska, far to the west thereof, lies a tract of land which the early French trappers, with shrewd fitness, called the 'Mauvaises Terres.' It is a region of rocks, petrifications, and other pre-Adamite peculiarities. In a paper written by Dr. Leidy of Philadelphia, and published by the Smithsonian Institute, we are assured that there once lived in these bad lands, turtles six feet square, and alligators, compared with which the present squatter sovereigns of the Territory are lovely and refined. The fossil remains of these ancient inhabitants still encumber the earth of that region, and make it unpleasant to view with an agricultural eye; but here and there the general desolation is relieved by a fertile valley with a running brook and green slopes. White men, whiskey, and Funny Fellows have not yet penetrated there. I will go to this sanctuary. A snug cabin will contain my necessary household gods—to wit—twelve shirts and a Bible. I will plant my corn, and tobacco, and vines on the fertile slope that looks to the south; my cattle and sheep shall browse the rest of the valley, while a few agile goats shall stand in picturesque positions upon the rocky monsters described by Dr. Leidy. My guests shall be the grave and wise red men who never try to make bad jokes. I do not think they ever try to be funny; but to make assurance doubly sure, I shall not learn their language, so that any melancholy attempts they may possibly make to be funny, will fall upon unappreciative ears. By day I will cultivate my crops and tend my flocks and herds; and in the long evenings smoke the calumet with the worthy aborigines. If I should find there some

dusky maiden, like Palmer's Indian girl, who has no idea of puns, polkas, crinoline, or eligible matches, I will woo her in savage hyperbole, and she shall light my pipe with her slender fingers, and beat for me the tom-tom when I am sad. I will live in a calm and conscientious way; the Funny Fellow shall become like the dim recollection of some horrible dream, and ——

MR. GREEN seems not to have finished his interesting reflections, and the compiler does not wish to attempt to complete them. As well might he try to finish the Cathedral of Cologne. As Mr. G., however, may have disappeared from New-York in pursuance of his plan to settle in Nebraska, the compiler deems it his duty to advise the Metropolitan press not to offer a reward for the recovery of his body, or the detection of his destroyers. He might return some fine day and claim the five hundred thousand dollars himself.

W. W. H.

SOMETHING TO WORK FOR—SOMETHING TO DO.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

I.

SOMETHING to work for,
Something to do:
Here 's reformation,
Lasting as true:
Here 's the reformer
For poor and for rich,
In old or new countries,
It matters not which.

II.

Work for all ages,
Good food and prompt pay:
Fair time and fair wages,
And fair chance to play;
Pick up the vagrants,
Cheer them to toil,
Learn them the fragrance
And taste of the soil.

III.

Up by the cataract,
Out on the prairie,
Rally the vagabonds,
Be not too chary:
True there is land for man,
Rolling and wide:
Land for the husbandman,
Land for his bride.

Buffalo, New-York.

IV.

Up with their tattered rags
On the fresh breeze,
Unfurl their matted flags
Under the trees:
Locks from the gutter thaw
In fountains new,
With something to work for,
And something to do.

V.

Bid the lone child of wo
Countryward come:
Give him the pick and hoe,
Deed him a home:
Show him the temperate,
Virtuous man,
May be independent
As any one can.

VI.

Gather the erring ones
From every den,
From the enticing ones,
Slayers of men;
Rouse up the heart and will
Of every poor rover:
Here 's the world's ransom still,
All the world over.

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

Book Second.

CHAPTER FIRST.

IN one of the chapters of the first book of this country business, I said that I did not sleep in the Hut the second night of my first visit, and in the last chapter you find me with the priest and old Sampson entering it again the night of that day, when the moon was shining on its shingles. The moon was shining on its roof, it is true, but it did not shine there long after we had closed the door behind us. It was a moon that had risen early in the evening, and she was then going down in the west, with her silver garment somewhat tinged by her near approach to the mould and the mists of the horizon; nor long after she had sunk was it, that the gray dappling of the day-break came, and the gossamer wreaths were spread over the features of the sky. And none of us had bedward feelings: I certainly had not; and the priest had too often sat night after night, by the bed-side of the dying, keeping his watch of faith, and hope, and charity, to miss his couch on this occasion.

Old Mary was not in bed, for she had been watching our return with negro patience, nodding perhaps in the long and lonely hours of our absence, or listening with bewildered superstition to those dread sounds, that from the log turret would come to her in her drowsy fits, wakening her as exiled soldiers are startled sometimes on the encampment watch when they hear a dead limb tumble from a tree, ere their eyes have closed long enough to dream of pleasant faces sitting far away by the hearth-stone of the pleasant homestead in the land of peace.

Old Mary was wide awake, and so was that perpetual fire-place. Its broad mouth gaped, it is true, as if it longed slightly for summer-time, when its old sides would have a respite from the heavy logs, and its deep throat be free from smoke, at least, after meal-times.

Now it glistened and blinked at us, and chuckled all over with a warm humor that seemed to say: 'They have come back, and they will hold their hands out to me, and they will be glad enough to put their cheeks close to mine and get their ears warmed, and they will talk about me; and when they tire of talking of me, they will talk of what they have seen out in the woods, where my food lies, where the big trees are growing, some of them to come here and be burnt into castles and all sorts of things, with smoke running out of the little holes where the grubs have crept in and thought themselves safe; and won't they splutter and sing their death-songs, as the old Indians used to do that I have heard tell of in times gone by, when they were tied to stakes out there in the forest, and burnt, and roasted, as old Mary

roasts her slices of bacon by me at times ; and here they have brought the good man with them, and bless me, I must fire-up and get the aches out of them, for may be the frost was white around their feet to night.' And so the old fire-place seemed to talk, and crackle, and blaze away, like the palace that Gulliver saw on fire in the country of the little men, and it lit up the room with the glory of its warmth and the blaze of its cheery welcome. And then old Mary, at a suggestion of mine, given to her through Sampson, bustled about a little in and out of the kitchen for the space of some ten minutes, and finally came in and whispered to her lord and master ; and then he came to me and said that 'It was ready ;' and I got up and begged the priest to go with me into another room, not the turret-room, but in a room in the lower part of the house, on the other side of the passage, and whose windows looked out upon the paths by which I first had approached the palace of my kingdom. It was a room larger than the kitchen, and already in the big fire-place (thanks to those who made such fire-places in all the rooms of all the old houses down in that dear old section of the world) burned the cheerful maple log, with here and there, poked in like the rails of a Virginia fence, a stick of hickory with its quick rifle-firing, and white ashes, like the ashes of a good segar, or of a good man, and were there also high aristocratic old brass andirons and a high old brass fender, that looked like a cunningly-netted green-house for the growth of delicate plants ; and shovel and tongs were present, the Adam and the Eve of this quaint hardwarey, that no new fashion shall ever tempt from their paradise. The room had two windows, and to them hung old brocade curtains, that had a human look of family about them ; spinster things they were, prim and neat, good enough to keep in a country parlor, but too prinky, and rickety, and faded for the blaze of a city drawing-room. High-backed walnut chairs stood around the room, with seats that formerly had boasted of well-filled cushions, but now alas ! were patched in some places and wrinkled in others, and here and there hung in shreds, like shot and sabre-torn banners that we men of peace sometimes see in visions. Of oak wainscoting was the wall, and the ceiling seemed to be an inverted floor of exquisitely joined boards of pine. 'Oh ! what a fire,' thought I, 'would not all this wood-work make !' There was an odor of old-fashion in the room, an odor sweet laden too with the smell coming from cleanly care, a flavor almost equal to the perfume of sandal-wood ; indeed I liked it better, for it was more delicate and less oppressive than the huge and ponderous breath of the Ocean Isle tree. This had been the parlor in the olden time, and there could be none other better suited to the place, though I thought that if it had been situated on the river-side, it would have been pleasanter, on account of the view ; and so during the evening I said to Father Thomas, and Father Thomas answered me that he thought so too.

A door on the right hand side of the fire-place, where there was just room enough for a door, I soon afterward discovered led into a room, smaller than the one in which we were, smaller because it had to make room for ample closets built against one of its sides ; and in this room was a bedstead with a bed, and clean white linen sheets turned over

the arabesque-looking quilt, invited the weary to a rest, while curtains of a faded blue hung, as in the turret, from a ring inserted in the ceiling. I might as well describe this room, indeed I had better describe every thing about the Hut, as I go on, for I have changed but little the garments of my home, only replacing from time to time something that had entirely given way, with something new in fabric, but as like the old thing that had withered as I could get.

But I must not be in such haste, for there are things of great importance in the parlor that need my notice and your memory, as you will find ere I reach the ending of this lagging scroll of manuscript.

I took the candle from the table, a walnut table, that with cloven feet and drooping leaves stood in the centre of the parlor, and holding it aloft, looked at a picture on the wall.

I had been gazing at it for several moments in silence, when the voice of the priest broke the stillness of the room :

‘Is it not beautiful?’

‘You mean the picture?’ I replied. ‘Yes, it is beautiful; and yet I do not know but that I have seen more beautiful faces, more perfect outlines, more of that indescribable attribute that compels admiration.’

‘It may be so,’ said Father Thomas, ‘but you have not looked long enough. What strikes you at first perhaps, unpleasantly, will be forgotten after a while. The dress is new to you because it is old, very old; it is too stiff, and makes that face look something like the face of Mary Stuart in her high ruff, a sort of John Knox collar around a camelia; but shut off the formal dress, it seems like a court dress; and look only at the face and tell me then if ever you have seen, even a picture by Raphael, more touching, with greater character of subdued intensity and intense sentiment, than you will find in that face before you. Hold the candle up, my son, let the light fall only on the head.’

And the light fell only on the head, and only the head did I gaze upon.

The painting had not faded like most of the pictures by Sir Joshua, except in some places where he had indulged in his caprice for the lake tints, and I was not sorry to find them in part, but only in part, vanished. By their going away from the fair angelic face before me, all thought of ruddiness too was kept out of my mind, and though there was no symptom of disagreeable physical debility in the lineaments, thus left so pure and pale, there was enough of color to make the face look exquisitely healthy and wifely, or to wife-thought moving; I mean that the face had that peculiar expression that spoke at once to the sense of appreciation. It had the comfortable look of honest tenderness, and the dreamy regard of honest romance. We now and then meet with such faces as we wander about in the brick world, and sometimes while we are sauntering along the unpaved streets of country glens, but they mostly come to us as things that we have painted in our dreams; and if they look at us as they pass, even those disguised in mighty fabrics of silks from Lyons, we feel, not as if some one was walking over our graves, but rather walking over our heart. Such faces as that before which I was holding the economical candle of a negro’s house-keeping, have stirred deep rivers of human blood into action, and made the

armorers' tools valuable in a province. How serenely beautiful was the whole pale heaven before me; no shadow seemed ever to have crossed that human-marble front, except the shadow of a tall lover bending down over it, as he stood between her and the moon and the stars, but not between her and the purity of the moon-light and the star-beam and the invisible-visible, who was over all. For the time, as I looked at the face that seemed to look back at me, but not at me, of course, with such feelings of admiration and enthusiasm as I felt when I looked at her, I forgot the honeysuckle of the old forest, the wild-eyed, dreamy, wretched Lizzie, and thought that earth had no other, at least the small earth, wherein I was destined to wander, to compare with this picture by Reynolds. I dwell upon this portrait, because for years afterward it has been my companion. It has acted like a charm of vision upon me, and at times, as it looked out of that antique frame, it has sung to me of long evenings, such rare old melodies and rhymes, that the bowers of life have revived to me, and I would see her walking by the silver shore of her tranquil river, in the land where her ancestors lived and she was born, and where she was won from the virgin life to the mother's duty.

'She must have been a woman beyond all our daily dreams,' I said, as I paused in my scrutiny.

'She might have been a woman beyond most *men's* daily hopes, my son,' replied the priest. 'Put the candle on the table and sit down by me.'

I obeyed, and he placed his hand upon my shoulder, and looking in my face with that gentle look I had marked before, he went on:

'It is not that because I am a priest I am to be cut off from the sympathies of a man and a Christian. I comprehend the sentiment that made my father love my mother, and I understand the motives by which men are moved when they stand before me at the altar, or in the private-room, holding by the hand that one they have chosen out of the world as their human heaven of the world, and ask me, as minister of a Christian creed, to bless them in their great and holy passion of love. God has no nobler offering than a union of His creatures, either in public congregations of pacific government, or in the dual organization of the heart. Had not love existed as the primal function of the CREATOR's brain, useless probably would have been that awful building up of worlds, and creation of vast emotions, that like the winds of the creation, were to winnow and purify the whole. And there upon that wall hangs on the great painter's canvas, one of the ministers and agents of the ALMIGHTY. It is a woman's portrait, merely the speechless, breathless effigy of one of our mother's kind, and yet from the dumb lips and the moveless eye, come to you, you, young and ardent, syllables and rays that evoke worship in your heart, and make you glow as with that natural longing to be happy; and to me that face speaks of the history of the world and of my faith. While we sit here and she beams there, no crime can enter into this house of silence and of peace. She rules us to better thoughts, as if really in the flesh she were with us, sitting by our side calling you 'husband,' and looking upon me as

the servant of her CREATOR. If you buy this property, I will try and have this picture kept for you exactly where it is. It will be your illustrated Bible ; your symbol of something good beyond all human contradiction or alteration. It will be to you in this old place, so little sought, so seldom visited by the distant world, as Madonnas are to the true believers in the land of poetry and art, where Raphael has painted the portraits of the blessed and the beloved of heaven.'

'You know, then, the family who own this property ?'

'Yes, and they are persons whom you will love to know, but about whose fate there has been a sadness that I have spent half my life in endeavoring to assuage. It is of the lady now that I am speaking — the widow of Richard Danbrey. She is the owner of the place, but she has not lived here for years.'

'My lawyer never told me that she was living.'

'Your lawyer may have had his reasons for keeping you unacquainted with that fact. She may not have wished it known that she was living near this place, because it might have been told to parties from whom she would have preferred to have lived secluded. Have you not heard old Mary allude to her Mistress Emily, and to her Master Richard ?' I told him that I had observed old Mary's manner when their names were mentioned.

'There is a something almost sacred in the grief of Emily. It has outlived every other feeling, and as years accumulate upon her, her sorrow seems to acquire new motives for its existence. When I was speaking to you just now of woman, I had my thoughts running upon the life of this one woman, Mrs. Danbrey, and as I spoke, I felt that the long habits of my intercourse with her, tintured my language with enthusiasm ; and knowing all her goodness, all her suffering, I seldom speak upon subjects however remotely bearing upon her sex, without a mental prayer blended with my words ; for inasmuch as she is habituated to suffer, I, for her good sake, am habituated to pray for her. You will, however, see her, and you will love her for her charity, for her gentle life, for the good words she says, for the good things she thinks ; but you must not love her for the good things she has about her in her house, for the young thing, that with a face like hers, and a spirit like hers, has a brighter future before her, but not brighter than was Emily's when she was of the same age with this other Emily.'

'A young heart is like an early morning. The dew to it has no fever in its damp ; the clouds have no tints save the tints of glory from the sun up-rising, and even the warning rainbow looks like a thing not only of beauty, but as a harbinger of a happy day ; and so the early morning, bending down from the blue hills, kisses its fair hand to the future hours, and through the wet dew, and with the clouds around its form, steps down into the vale, joyous of itself, without reference to the joy of others. There's not a stagnant pool but what it smiles upon, or rugged rock, at whose base lurks the poisoned weed or the poisonous serpent, that it does not touch with its own sweet young lips, and bid 'good day' to. You know well what I mean, my son.'

And I did know what he meant, but I could not tell him then that

there was no danger that I would mar the morning-walk of his young trusty Emily, daughter of the sad Emily of whom he had spoken so much, and he seemed to understand my silence, for after looking at me a few moments, he placed his hand on mine, and simply said :

‘God bless you.’



FATHER THOMAS.

And then he told me more of Mrs. Danbrey. She lived some distance off, and sometimes visited the Hut, which she kept furnished just enough to make it wear a home-like look when she was here. Generally she spent two or three weeks here in the summer, living with her daughter in perfect seclusion. ‘And she shall do it always,’ said I, ‘and my ownership by law shall not interfere with her ownership of association. She shall find a home here, and never shall she know that I am master, nor shall she, unless she wishes it, see that master on the place. My own habits are so retired, I love so much the multitudinous population of my own thoughts, that I will be content to let her have the old turret, satisfied with the idea that some one better than myself, worthier than myself, can seek a shelter in the same asylum, whither I have fled. Father! The shady oak shelters birds of different plumage, and while they all sing together in different voices, they all have joy, and the blended notes fly upward with a harmony of song. Do tell your friend, that though I may be here, the owner of her old home, she can still make it hers. You understand *me* now?’

‘Yes. And now I must have some talk with old Mary and Sampson, for you know they are part of my flock, and pretty good members they are, though they don’t pay much pew-rent, or bother me with their new-

fashioned wardrobe when they come to the country-chapel. You, too, must visit me, not only on the Sunday, but on the week-days, after you get settled. What if I make a bishop of you, my boy ?

‘I hope, Father Thomas, they will not make a bishop of you.’

CHAPTER SECOND.

AND so the good priest bowed and left the room, and I was once more alone. Was I contented with my proposed change of life ? Was the country as calm and peace-imparting as in my conjuring fancy I had supposed it would be ? Where were the perpetual lights coming from skies forever free from bloom ? Had I found the trees on the hill-side as I had imagined they would be, full of shade and glory and Æolian harmony ? Was such to the aspiring bards the groves of the sacred Parnassus ? Did Piety, sickening of the strife of towns, and going upward, and thus in common parlance, heavenward, find the wild, rocky sides of god-trodden Olympus like the mountain-side I had climbed ? It is true, I had found a rain-bow of leaves, stronger, more tangible, even more glorious than the rainbow through which the far-off dwellers in the imperial blueness of the skies, look as through an arch to catch the perspective beauties of the earth inframed ; but had I not found even at my first entrance into the sylvan silence, a clash of strife and the commotion of hatred ? Had not death and murder walked with me as two shadows up the aisles of the great temple of the hills and fields ? Was I to be a winner here of that for which the earliest man that lived had died, and without which it was useless for him to have been born ? Had I found peace ?

I had not, but I could. It was to come to me after some pain, but it must eventually be mine. Peace is the prospective property of man, probably not by inheritance, but he has the right to seek it by labor, by plans, by contrivances, even by dreams. It is a property and a right, an estate that has no limits, and so it spreads out, widening and lengthening, going over graves and deaths and days and lives, and human sufferings of body and of mind, and its great light, with the breath of promise, gilds the dim circles of that vast hereafter, of which Christians preach and prophesy in undoubting fear, and with uncertain lore. He who secures peace for twenty-four hours, has discovered a secret worth more than the diamond necklaces of all the queens of all the realms ; but the secret lies in the memory of how, by what train of thought and circumstances the peace was procured, that little-lived peace, that may be nurtured as we nurse our small ones, till strength comes like Hercules and Samson, arm-in-arm together, strength of mind and strength of body, and we can then defy the scoffs of our foe-brethren and the indifference of our non-loving sisters, and all those other woes and poignant sorrows, for which there are but two cures — Death and Peace, and are *they* not the same ?

At all events, I had seen the country, and I had for years, but not always, been of the city. I was like that famed Athenian beauty, who, while she feasted with her lovers and bade the gods obey her smiles,

happened to cast her eyes upon the bust of a philosopher that was one of the saving ornaments of the Bacchante scene, and so was she smitten by the moral beauty of the temperate stoic, whose sober life she knew of, that she rose from her seat, and leaving the hall of music, love, and wine, forever after hid herself where neither of these temptations could pursue. I had seen the country, and no more could I go back to the city life. Its broad and glorious face I had gazed upon. Its lofty shoulders I had seen clothed with the clouds of morning, the clouds so transparent and so pure, that they reminded me of that saying of Apuleius, who, when he would describe the muslin kerchief that covered, but did not conceal, the swelling bosom of the women of his day, called them '*ventum textilem*,' or, *woven air*.

That which had disturbed the harmonious system of the sweet stillness, had struck, but not broken the magic ring of unity and repose, was not of the wild, free river, or of the azure sky, that bent over the glowing bouquet of the woods; but it was out of this two-legged, iron-fisted, worse than iron-hearted nature of ours, and while nothing but a consuming fire that would wrap the province in a blaze, could rob the hill-sides of their foliaged tresses, there was a way, a very simple one, of ridding the scene of that festering sore of wrong-headedness and bad-heartedness, and my mind was fully made up to apply to the law for aid in checking the invasion of the wild Mr. Rude Keller and his companions. While I was sitting thus plunged in meditation, blending the threads of logic with the silken web of my desire, the door was rapped upon, and on my replying to the summons, it was opened, and the priest, with a smile upon his face, entered the room.

'Sampson is a droll old gentleman,' he commenced, 'and instead of allowing me to talk to him about his religious duties, has insisted upon talking of you; and old Mary, too, is perfectly bewitched. She declares that she had dreamed about your coming, and she knew you the moment you came into the kitchen, night before last. It is very seldom that Sampson gives in to her little vagaries about ghosts and visions and all that sort of thing; but now it seems he is as firm a believer in signs and wonders as his wife. Of course I cannot eradicate such ideas from her head, for she does not look upon them as evil, nor do I know that I have a right to assert positively that there is no truth in dreams. It certainly is not within the limit of my duty, and living out as I do among the woods, so full of mysteries, I have received a vague impression of vague theories, that I cannot well shake off; but there are those two old people, honest as was the first apostle, and sincere as was the first disciple, with their noddles filled with the idea that you have been sent to them — that you are, in fact, with regard to this old home, what Bonaparte was to the world, a man of destiny. They tell me that you slept in the old tower the night of your arrival, and Mary declares that you must have seen a ghost. At all events, I am certain if you looked upon the wall you would have seen quite a romantic picture of a shepherdess and her swain. Did the face of the swain strike you as being a familiar face?'

'No; it did not.'

‘Old Mary and Sampson declare that you are the image of that picture of their Mass Richard, and I must confess that the resemblance is a very singular and a very striking one. God grant, my son, that it may stop there.’

‘Stop there,’ said I, quoting the priest’s last words. ‘Why stop there, my dear Sir?’

Father Thomas folded his hands behind his back, and walked up and down the apartment. His brow, usually so unruffled, was now marked by evident symptoms of agitation.

Once or twice he fixed his large and calmly penetrating gray eyes upon me, with what I thought an expression of alarm, or rather a species of nervous anxiety, and then continued his walk up and down the room.

I did not venture by word or question, to delay or accelerate any communication he might intend to make to me. Indeed he seemed in no great haste himself to speak or gratify my curiosity, and so I began to attribute his conduct to some vague association of ideas between myself and some past events, that my presence, and the presumed likeness between me and one of the actors in that past, had suggested to him. At all events, nothing more came of it then, for the worthy father subsided into his usual quiet manner, and with a wave of his hand and a shrug of his shoulders, somewhat in the style of a Frenchman, anxious to rid himself of unpleasant thoughts, he at once came out of whatever shadow might for the moment have fallen upon him, and he appeared now to be entirely free from that anxiety which an instant before had so singularly and suddenly disturbed his equanimity. More mystery, however, thought I, but I made up my mind quietly and at a proper time, to seek out all these singular combinations that enveloped the history of the Hut.

The sun by this time had broken through the curtain of the dawn, and standing by the window of the back-room that looked upon the river, I tried by the process of absorbing admiration, to banish for the present those apprehensions that had somewhat shaken my determination to seek for a home here. I did not wish to take advantage of any disagreeable circumstances, but felt inclined, strongly inclined, to yield to every influence of inducement that I could grasp. The priest had seated himself at the table in the drawing-room, and was already busily engaged in the performance of one of his clerical duties. A thick pocket volume lay open before him, and well I knew that it was his missal, certain portions of which it was his duty as a priest, to read at least before the sun went down.

The river (I see it now from the same window) was sprinkled with stars, stars that danced in the sun-beams as brightly almost as glitter the planets in the mysterious effulgence of the same orb, when the night has opened its pages of celestial illustration. The old brown rocks I could almost mistake for huge fishes stranded on the fairy shores, and lured there by the spells of soft syllables of music, uttered by the deluding Pan, who still, with his sportive fawns, roamed the grove-begirt shores, and those grove-begirt shores were of silver here, and gold there, and emerald elsewhere.

One long line of silver seemed to lie like a king's spear upon the yellow sands. It was the rim of the brimming water, that in the quiet bay had no movement of exertion, but kissed there among the shadows the kisses of two of God's first-created, Earth and Water.

Golden patches of autumn grass tripped down to see the sight, and perhaps to see themselves in the mirror of the magic tide; and elsewhere the ARCHITECT had thrown green garniture about among the changing herbage, like pleasant hope thoughts to a fading life.

Dense, like a covering of golden shields, was the as yet unfallen foliage of the forest, that from the water's edge, clambered, army-like, the mountain, whose summit it would make captive. I could not help fancying thus, and what added to the allusion was that every now and then, from some high cliff, a little puff of cloud would roll away, like smoke of cannon from a besieged battery, and fiery gleams of light, caught on the bright red leaves of the advancing host of maples, would startle me with effect of flashes from the dread artillery; and on the outposts of the rocky ridges, far away up toward the clouds, I could see solitary pines like sentinels watching.

The whole scene was transfixed upon the canopy of the sky and earth and water, and over all the gentle haze of Indian summer dwelt, like painted thought, upon a picture by Lorraine.

It was glorious and it was good. I felt its influence, and away went doubts and darkness from my mind. What I saw I now determined to possess. I clutched the faded curtain of the old bedstead, and with a heart content, I parted the ancient drapery, and throwing myself upon the bed, sought sleep, and found it. While the sun went up the sky in silence, while the river went to the sea in music, and a preternatural beauty in peace profound swung like a prayer that had been accepted, between heaven and earth, I slept, slept, without a dream, for my dream had been before my sleeping.

Some hours had passed by, and I would have slept on quietly in my youth and health, had I not been awakened by a hand placed upon my forehead.

It was the priest. 'You have slept as calmly as a child, and long enough for a man. I had to rouse you, and you must pardon me. I am going; Mary has given me my breakfast, and I must meet poor Lizzie at the Crossing-Stones; it is there alone I can meet the maid. It is mid-way her home and this place; it is mid-way too, her home and Mrs. Danbrey's, where she probably supposed I was going when she saw me at Benny's cabin; and at her house she did not, could not wish to see me, after what had happened last night. Does it not appear to you a dream, a fevered dream, that sudden warfare, that near approach to murder? I will see you soon again; as probably you will live here, (I had told him all my plans,) and you may help me in many things, and many things have I to tell you. This is a strange idea of yours, to live alone; but when all is fixed, no place better for your plan than here. The woods will soon be cleared of their troubles, and then you will have a quiet path before you. There are associations to be formed even in this wilderness, that will cheer your hours should they

ever feel the need of cheering ; there are hopes to be dreamed of here in this separate world, that may be to you an opening to an Eden. You are young, and with your young eyes look, my son, on this.' He drew from his side-pocket a small package, from which he took a linen covering. When the covering was removed I could see a morocco case. This he opened, and holding it up before me, I looked upon the portrait of a youthful woman.



PORTRAIT OF EMILY.

The priest saw the peculiar smile that I could not check, and he smiled too, and said : ' I know the meaning of that pleasant question. You want to know what an old priest has to do with so fair a portrait as this. Like many doubtful questions easily settled, where an innuendo can construe a crime, this too can be explained. I do not carry it as a gage of love, believe me, though I trust that he who shall ever come to love the original, of which this is at best but a poor copy, will have in his heart as much of holy chivalry as I feel toward her.

' This is Emily's portrait ; not the Emily Danbrey of so much sorrow, but the Emily Danbrey, daughter of Richard and of my friend. Her

mother commissioned me, when I was last at her house, to have a glass put over the ivory, and I am taking it home to her. That accounts for its being near the heart of a priest.'

He gave the picture into my hands, and I went to the window, that I might get a clearer view. I then took it and compared it with the portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to which I have referred, for I was struck at once with a resemblance between the two.

The face of Emily had more of reality about it; the hair was more simply dressed, the costume was so different; the elder portrait clothed richly, this portrait arrayed so simply; and yet the resemblance between the two was striking. It was more in the eyes than in any other feature. (How poorly have I drawn those wondrous eyes of hers, so replete with tenderness, as of an angel, looking downward upon the pleasant lands it loved ere it was lifted from the sod.) I have often, and never without a holier thrill of happiness, looked at those eyes of Emily's since then. Deep, dark, inoffensively penetrating, but singularly expressive, with a tinge of poetic melancholy, and yet of a poetic joy and an every day happiness, are those lustrous orbs.

'It is a woman's face, with a woman's heart looking through it,' I said to the priest; 'and I could see no harm, even if I caught the Pope of Rome with such a portrait in his great-coat's breast-pocket. Better such a face as that than half the dry relics of old bachelor's bones, or old maid's bones, sewed up in holy stuff, to hang round the necks of Christian people, wherewith to scare away Signor Le Diable and his crew. Such a face as that, Father Thomas, hung up in the cave of St. Anthony, would have kept the legions of blue devils and low spirits away from that worthy hypochondriac. It is a face that an anchorite might tell his rosary to and hope to see it smile, and come to him and offer him a basket of ripe strawberries and a glass of wine from her father's side-board. Why, my dear sir, it is the face of an all woman; a good, honest, pure, dream-loving, day-loving, some work-loving, brother and sister-loving, and may be it may so happen to turn out, husband-loving woman. I like her carefully-disposed hair; I like her modest dress; and that sweet smile upon her face, good Father, has a smack of kisses in it that I have a personal right to dream of, but you have not. I like this face as well as the other, by Sir Joshua. Indeed I like it better. It is nearer to our sides, nearer to our day. It is nearer, my father, to our possession.'

'Hoity, toity!' exclaimed Father Thomas, when I had got through, 'the young fellow has fallen in love with a graven image, and I have allured him to break one of the commandments. Give up the idol, O Pagan!'

'To the priest of the shrine,' I answered, and he laughingly replaced it in his pocket.

'If you will hang that picture in your chapel, so that I can see it when I come to worship, you will soon be able to proclaim that a madonna has performed a miracle.'

A sudden falling of the eyebrows told me that my joke was not exactly in good taste; and so I told the father, and with a better know-

ledge of the world and of the human nature that is in it like a kernel, he soon saw that I meant no wrong.

Old Sampson came to the door at this moment, suggesting to me my breakfast, and the pastor and I shook hands, with mutual promises of further interviews, and then he left me to meet poor Lizzie by the crossing of the Canaseraga.

Before he left me, however, I told him when he might expect me back from the city, whither I was going to settle about my purchase.

A R E V E R I E .

BY J. SWETT.

I

BREATHED around me, soft and low,
Old-time voices come and go,
Whispering in melodious measures
Memories of delightful pleasures,
Soothing every dreamy sense
In delicious indolence —
Liquid music, whose sweet flow
Wafts me back to long ago.

II.

Now I gaze in love-lit eyes,
Where a dreamy languor lies;
See the silken lashes part,
Curtains of the impassioned heart;
In love's sun-light o'er me cast,
Passion-flowers are springing fast,
And the founts of feeling flow
As they *gushed* in years ago.

III.

Falling faintly on my ear,
Lute-like whisperings I hear;
While a hand so soft and white
Thrills me with its pressure slight;
And a well-remembered face
Tells me thoughts no words may trace:
Youth or manhood, rest or strife,
Love is still the soul of life.

Steamship Golden Gate, May 14th, 1857.

T H E R O M A N C A T A C O M B S .

BY JAMES W. WALL.

It was on an afternoon in early spring-time, that I found myself treading the well-worn chariot-road of the old Appian Way. It was a day to be remembered, and 'marked with a white stone.' Refreshing breezes were wafted in all their vernal softness over the desolate Campagna that stretched away for many a mile before me. All above was beautiful in the bright and pleasant sunshine of an Italian spring. Even the Campagna, bounded by those graceful yet boldly-formed hills, the more distant soaring in snow-clad elevation, was not under such a sky a gloomy scene, but beautiful even in its loneliness. And there, too, were the associations that ever cling to this most interesting spot. History had consecrated that mighty waste to the memory of noble deeds. Imagination had hallowed it with the spell of poetry and superstition by her most graceful fantasies. Etruria, tracing back her lineage to those shadowy times, when in the gloom even the torch of tradition goes out, or burns but dimly, had spread her countless cities over this vast plain. Rome, in her infant greatness, had filled it with her shadow, and made it the bloody theatre on which to practise for the subjugation of a world. It was over it once swept that 'red whirlwind,' when

'LOUDER still, and still more loud,
From underneath the rolling cloud,
Was heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum ;
When plainly, and more plainly,
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to the left and far to right
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.'

Looking behind me, toward 'The Eternal City,' I had just left, the huge dome of St. Peter's lifted itself in air, which, with the tower of the Castle of Angelo, glittered in the slant rays of the descending sun. There, too, might be just discerned the kingly mass of the Colosseum, and the long line of the desolate Forum. Every thing around subdued the mind to a most pleasing melancholy in harmony with the scene. I stood, as it were, above the grave of a dead empire, and everywhere in broken fragments, or in mouldering heaps, were scattered the memorials of the once mighty masters of the world.

In accordance with a promise made to a recent and most zealous convert to the Romish faith, an American lady, I had started that afternoon to visit 'The Catacombs of St. Calixtus.' The entrance to these celebrated Catacombs is some two miles from Rome, in an open field, considerably elevated above the far-famed Appian Way, which bounds it on one side. Having exhausted in my researches all the remains of ancient Rome, and become so familiarized with classic local-

ities, and the ruins that still adorn them, as to call them all by their names, reviving each historic story that had given them fame, I longed to explore some of the Necropoli, whose dark chambers underlie the Campagna for hundreds of miles. The real origin of these subterranean burial-places has puzzled the ingenuity of archæologists for a long period of time. There can be but little doubt, however, in the mind of the curious explorer, that the theory which points to the primitive inhabitants of Italy as the first excavators of these recesses, must be the true one. It is a common belief, that the story of 'The Æneid' tells the history of the first settlers of Italy; but a race or races, considerably advanced in civilization, wonderful for their artistic taste, and endowed with extraordinary architectural ingenuity, unquestionably existed on the Italian Peninsula for more than a thousand years before the first stone of the Eternal City was laid. Call them by what name we will, Ammoreans, Pelasgi, or Etrurians, we discover this singular people through the disguise of poetic fable, in the legends both of Grecian and Roman writers. We trace them again in those massive architectural remains which are still scattered over the country, from the northern extremity of Tuscany to the southern slopes of the central Appenines. And there was an older race still, upon whom these accomplished, ingenious, and hard-working Etrurians intruded, and subdued. The Ombreans are said to have been the Aborigines of Italy, and they, with the Sabines, a mountain tribe, were certainly the nucleus of several greater nations. Those Italian tribes do not emerge from obscurity until they successively appear contending with Rome, and defeated by her. The entire Campagna was unquestionably once covered, and the slopes of the Appenines adorned with the cities and villas they erected. It was from beneath the volcanic soil of the Campagna that they first commenced to obtain the building materials for the cities they erected. The light and soft nature of the material to be quarried, greatly facilitated the work, and allowed the workmen to indulge their caprice or taste as they chose, and to shape their shafts and galleries as they pleased. The principal layers which they excavated were of soft volcanic tufa, or pozzulano, a still softer volcanic substance, of which the most part of the Campagna is composed. This tufa is cut out with little trouble, but it hardens when employed in building, to the consistency of granite, and resists all the vicissitudes of weather. The still softer pozzulano is little more than a rough concrete sand, which, when crushed and mixed with water and a little lime, is the far-famed 'Roman Cement.' I had an opportunity of judging the durability of this last in the old piers of the moles erected by the Emperor Nero at Porto D'Anzio, on the Mediterranean, the site of the far-famed Antium. While the marble has been worn away and honey-combed by the action of the water, the mortar which unites the marble-slabs, being this very pozzulano, is integral and unimpaired, having withstood the dash and wash of the waves of centuries.

Here, then, we have, to say the least of it, a plausible theory, to account for the origin of these subterranean recesses. This primitive people must have drawn largely upon these valuable materials beneath the soil, for the erection of the numerous cities that once undoubtedly

covered its surface ; and it is not at all improbable that they who are known to have buried, and not burned, their dead, may have used some of them as places of sepulture at a very early day.

Then came the period of the Roman conquest, and the rising city of Romulus made still farther drafts upon the building materials beneath the soil. After the second Punic war, when the Republic was waxing wealthy, and extending her conquests in every direction, the requisitions made upon these quarries must have been immense. Beside public and private buildings in the city, palaces, theatres, thermæ, etc., bridges were thrown over the Tiber, and aqueducts across the Campagna, whose towering majestic ruins still cast their sombre shadows upon the soil they have pressed so long. When the long civil war ended in the subversion of the Republic, and the establishment of the Empire, the demand for building material must have become more extensive than ever. Under Augustus, the aspect of Rome, we know, was changed ; and this resort to these quarries continued under the twelve Cæsars down to the period of the decline of the Empire, when the Romans left off quarrying, and destroyed old edifices to make room and furnish the materials for new ones. This theory, when the period of time is considered, during which these quarries were used, sufficiently accounts for their origin and immense extent.

It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain at what particular period of time the Christian Church made these caves hiding-places, houses of refuge for its persecuted members, or when they commenced burying in these crypts. The dreadful persecutions of Nero, the first to which the early Christian Church at Rome was subject, drove many no doubt of the new converts to these quarries in the Campagna outside the walls. Superstition at that day had made them the resort of sorcerers and magicians. The gay Horace peopled the quarries about Rome, with the practisers of the mysterious arts. He makes the god of gardens say :

‘The birds and thieves that were wont to hover round this place, were not half so troublesome to me as these pestilent sorcerers, who seek by enchantment and poison to work on the minds of men : nor is it in my power to drive them away, or hinder them, when the moon shows her sweet face, from gathering bones and poisonous herbs. The spot is filled with serpents and infernal dogs, and the moon blushing hides herself, so as not to be a witness to their abominations.’

A superstition like this would very naturally keep away all intruders, and here, therefore, persecuted Christians would very naturally resort as a safe place of refuge. Here they could worship in security ; here they commenced living to themselves and for their faith, and here they brought the bodies of their dead, and the mutilated remains of their brethren who had perished by the fire and the sword, and the wild beasts of the arena. As imperial persecution after persecution swept over the Church, blood gave fertility to the soil, and these Catacombs received the myriad dead who died in the faith and for the faith, until in process of time they became vast necropoli of precious dust, and in after-times, treasure-houses of relics, from which a superstitious and corrupted Church filled their shrines and their coffers together.

The Catacombs of Callectus, which I often visited, are certainly the

earliest, and are said to have been used as a burial-place by the Christians during the first persecution. It was in this, the Neronian persecution, that St. Paul perished, and it may be, that the tradition of the Church, which points to these Catacombs as the first resting-place of the body of St. Paul, is correct. There certainly seems no reason for distrust in the main features of the legend. The story derives probability from the fact that it was an event which would cling most tenaciously to the memory of the early Church. The bones of this Apostle are said to have been removed to their present resting-place beneath the dome of St. Peter's, about the year 375 A.C., when it is fairly to be presumed that the Christian Church would not have forgotten where they laid him. The patriotism of New-England still cherishes authentic memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers; 'and their sepulchres, are they not with us to this day?' Now certainly there is much more abundant reason why the early Christian Church should keep in remembrance the burial-place of that most zealous of all the Apostles of our LORD, 'Who counted not his life dear unto himself, if he might finish his course with joy.'

The entrance into most of the great Catacombs opens upon one or other of the high roads of ancient Rome. Thus some are upon the Via Appia; some upon the Via Ostiensis, and some upon the Via Tebantina.

Into the Catacombs of Callectus, the entrance of which, as I have mentioned, is in the middle of an open field, close by the Appian Way, you descend by a flight of narrow stone steps of modern construction. The guide who accompanies you, and furnishes the torches at your expense, invariably prefaces your descent with a short discourse upon the wonders of this subterranean world you are about to visit, mingled most ludicrously with warnings as to the penalties you incur, if detected in carrying off any of the sacred relics. Nothing can be more solemn than the subterranean gloom that encompasses you a few feet from the entrance. Yawning tombs are on either side of you, with here and there the outline of the human skeleton traceable in dust, which has been undisturbed for centuries. The passages, lined on each side with these tombs, which tombs are cut horizontally, and are ranged above one another like the shelves of a book-case, are very narrow; and as the explorer proceeds, a stifling sense of suffocation at times comes over him. At intervals you come to large spaces with vaulted ceilings. These niches are said to have served as chapels and baptistries, and in some of them may be still discerned the font of baptism set up at the dawn of the Christian era, still erect and undefaced, with its cavity for water. Both roof and walls of these little chapels are covered with the remains of rude frescoes, representing incidents in Bible history; but none of them are of a later date than the fifth century, and must have been executed at a time when corruptions had crept into the early Church, and when empty forms were substituted for the spirit of the early day. Indeed I have my doubts whether these chapels were the work of the earlier Christians at all. They appeared to me as if they were the after-work of the Church, when these Catacombs had become a sort of holy place, where the devout used to resort, to be in the presence of the relics of the saints. In many of the tombs

the side-slabs are away, and nothing remains but a few mouldering relics. In some the skeleton is almost perfect, while in others the skull is the only part that remains. Many of the slabs that closed the tombs are gone, while here and there a broken one discloses the mouldering remnants within. A few have remained undisturbed, and the inscription upon them still plainly visible. The entire length of few of these solemn aisles of the dead are known; for as a measure of precaution, many of them have been closed by stone walls, while others are so blocked up by rubbish and fallen pozzulano, that the boldest explorer is compelled to halt. At irregular distances, and usually on both sides the main aisle narrower passages branch off, leading to other crypts. Mostly these passages strike off at right angles, but they seldom run far in a straight line, while many become very tortuous. From the second crypt, or main aisle, which you reach, there are other passages conducting to another crypt, and thence from another to another, according to the greater or less extent of the Catacomb. In most of the Catacombs there are crypts, galleries, and passages underneath those which you first enter; and in many of them, there is beneath this lower deep a deeper still, or a third or even a fourth range of crypts. The awful silence of these recesses and subterranean galleries, adds horror to the darkness. The atmosphere smelling and tasting of earth and dust, is hot, dry, and stifling. It is not the

‘Cursed dews of dungeon’s damp,’

but something far more irksome and oppressive.

But far more interesting and affecting than these gloomy tombs are the early epitaphs and lapidary inscriptions found in the Catacombs. They are generally extremely brief, the name and age of the deceased, with short comments testifying their faith in brighter worlds beyond. ‘One sleeps in CHRIST;’ another ‘is buried that she may live in the LORD JESUS;’ while on another may be noticed almost the words of St. Paul himself: ‘Dying, yet behold she lives.’ The inscriptions are generally in Latin, often misspelt; now and then there are inscriptions in Greek characters, most generally simple, but in some cases exceedingly affecting. A parent briefly names the age of his beloved child, or a husband that of his wife, and the years of their wedded life; or the epitaph has an added prayer, that the dead may rest in peace, with some rudely-carved emblem of the believer’s hope and faith. But most of all may be noticed the cross in its simplest form. Whatever ignorance and blind credulity may have accomplished in later times, here, in these Catacombs, upon these marble slabs that shut their beloved dead from their sight, the early Christians have clearly shown that with them there was a full appreciation of that glorious sacrifice, ‘whereby alone we obtain the remission of sins, and are made partakers of the kingdom of heaven.’ Many of the inscriptions testify strong family affection and a warm love of friends, and a deep veneration for those who died the death of martyrs. The graves of infants are commonly decorated with representations of a dove, a lamb, or a rose-bud. The words, sweet friend; dearest friend; dear and faithful companion; candid soul, are constantly repeated. Most of the inscriptions are concise and to the

purpose, as the following, 'Here lies Gordeanu's deputy of Gaul, who was executed for the faith, with all his family;' and then the touching conclusion, 'Theophilus, a hand-maid, placed this stone in fear, but full of hope,' as if none were left to pay this last sad tribute but the faithful hand-maid of the Gaulish deputy, who has thus handed down to our times the master's faith and the hand-maiden's faithfulness. In one of the galleries, close by the tomb of the martyr Cecelia, is a portrait of our SAVIOUR in His humanity, representing Him with one hand extended as if in the act of blessing, clasping with the other a book close to His breast. This is interesting, as it most unquestionably is one of the earliest paintings we have of CHRIST, being of the fourth or fifth century of our era, and although exceedingly rude in design and finish, clearly furnishing the face from which Cimabue, Giotto, and most of the very early painters have copied. The Romish Church insist upon an earlier date for this portrait. It represents a person with an oval face, straight nose, arched eye-brows, and a smooth but rather high forehead; the hair parted and flowing in curls upon the shoulders; the beard not thick, but short and divided. Over the left shoulder is thrown some drapery. We were some three hours under ground, wandering amid these sepulchral chambers, and deeply interested at every step with the revelations that there opened upon us, bearing the strongest testimony to the truth of our religion, and especially to the devotion of those who in the early day did not count their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might attest with their blood the sincerity of their faith. The Church of Rome, through its Pontiffs, has been for many years engaged in clearing out the rubbish, and strengthening the weak portions of the galleries by substantial brick-work. This is the grand treasure-house from which is drawn the relics of saints; and so long as devotion is paid by the Church to these sad remnants of mortality, so long will the Catacombs be preserved and cared for with religious veneration.

T O N E L L I E .

I.

I AM sitting alone with the night, NELLIE,
Alone with the beautiful night,
And whether awake or a-dreaming,
I never can tell aright;
But my heart is as glad as a fountain
That leaps in the flashing light.

II.

The stars are mounting on high, NELLIE,
And the old moon sinking a-low,
And over the fields of the barley
The night winds merrily blow,
And in at my window lightly
In ripples of coolness flow.

III.

The night is thrilling with sounds, NELLIE,
Low tones with a cadence sweet,
The murmur of winds in waking,
And the whisper of leaves that meet,
With the chime and the tinkle of water,
In a musical rhyme complete.

IV.

My soul is filled with the moon-light,
And my heart with the summer dew,
And the skies that bend over my spirit
To-night are of cloudless blue,
And a thousand hopes like planets,
Shine out with a glory new.

EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

RANDOM SKETCHES AND NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL IN 1856. By REV. JOHN EDWARDS, A. M. In One Volume: pp. 466. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

THERE are certain things about this volume which we very much affect: the first is, the independence of the author, who does n't hesitate to say, that he writes because he chooses to write; publishes, because such is his humor; not that he supposes there is any particular need of such a book; but he says, with a self-reliance which will find many admirers: '*The public* will decide whether it shall, or shall not, find readers.'

'YESTERDAY morning, being Easter-Sunday, the day was ushered in by the firing of cannon, and the ringing of bells, reminding an American of the dawn of the Fourth-of-July in one of our large cities, where the Anniversary of our National Independence is celebrated with spirit. Saint PETER's was the point of greatest attraction. Thousands upon thousands were crowding the streets, and pressing on toward this spot, by eight o'clock in the morning. At nine o'clock, the services opened by a grand procession in which the POPE was borne into Saint PETER's, mounted on his Papal throne, with its triple crown on his head, and sheltered by a superb canopy, attended by a retinue of magnificently-attired cardinals, and other high church dignitaries, bearing the fans of ostrich-feathers before him. He was carried to the high altar under the dome, and put down; whereupon he commenced the preparatory services of HIGH MASS, which he celebrated in person. The whole service was upon a grand and imposing scale. The music was, in my judgment, far superior even to the Miserère in the Sistine Chapel; fine as the Miserère confessedly was. There was a magnificent brass band, composed of a large number of instruments in the hands of accomplished musicians, which performed, in a most effective style of execution, at two or three different times during the ceremonies: and for the first time in my life, I had the pleasure of hearing a brass band in full blast, in an edifice large enough to give full scope to the music, and in fact contribute to its sublimity and effect, without any of the harsh, sharp, and stunning sounds, which so much detract from the enjoyment of the music, where a band is played in a building of ordinary dimensions. Indeed, it seems to me, that Saint PETER's, more than any other structure I ever saw, is exactly adapted to give compass and effect to a full band of music, such as performed yesterday morning during the celebration of High Mass. The whole scene, at the period of the elevation of the Host, was magnificent. The grand and sublime notes of music rolling out through the vast Basilica, sweeping on to the remotest chapels, filling the high, soaring arches, and swelling up into the resounding and expansive DOME, which spread itself *like a firmament* above; the glitter of arms; the glancing of bayonets; the passing to-and-fro of the gorgeously-robed cardinals, bearing the insignia of high ecclesiastical authority; the elegantly-comparisined military officers, and diplomatic corps; the ascending clouds of perfumed incense, rising from golden censers swayed by white-fingered priests; the twinkling of wax-candles, like star-lights in a dusky sky, and the great multitude of spell-bound

spectators and worshippers, thronging and crowding the nave, transepts, side-aisles, and chapels, presented a spectacle to my eyes, as I stood upon a marble altar railing near the centre of the church, which time nor distance can ever efface from my mind.

This must be deemed spirited description: and when it is considered that it is from the pen of a Protestant clergyman, whose opinions are openly and widely diverse from the Faith of 'THE CHURCH,' it should be set down, as we think, to his favor. We 'apprehend' that we know party mentioned below:

'THE crowd out-of-doors, in front of Saint PETER's, at the time of the POPE's benediction, was scarcely less dense than in the church during the ceremony of High Mass. I was greatly amused at a frisky little dandy of a fellow, who was dressed in the extreme of the fashion. His beaver was neatly brushed and glossy; his hair was redolent of perfume, and just from under the barber's hand; his gloves were of Paris make and fit; his new dress-coat was buttoned closely round his body, and set handsomely on his well-formed person. In one hand he held a delicate black cane, and in the other a quizzing-glass. He became greatly disconcerted at the rude jostlings which he encountered from the common people. First he received a jolt on this side, and then on that; now a smash-up in front, and then a thump in the rear. His hat was knocked on his head, and his stick out of his hand. He bristled up, and 'fended off.' Then some body stepped on his toes, and he became furious. He pushed and kicked and knocked, and kept up a constant muttering and snapping all the time. I really began to fear the man would go into a fit.

'I was several times very near the POPE during the day, and must confess that I was favorably impressed with his face. His expression is placid and benignant. He is not tall, but has a fine, robust person, and looks as though he enjoyed a good dinner, and a bottle of wine.'

We shall close our few and brief quotations with an extended one, simply because we very much desire that other of our untravelled readers (including *us* as a reader) should appreciate, as *we* have — we have no hesitation to say, for the first time — the magnitude of St. PETER's Church at Rome:

'We made the ascent of the dome, and took a view from that lofty point of observation of one of the most wonderful and impressive landscapes in the world.

'From the first floor to the roof the ascent is very easy. One might ride up on horse-back over the brick-paved and gently-inclined road, which is at least six or eight feet wide, and not as steep as many of the public highways in the mountainous sections of our country. If I am correctly informed, mules are frequently used in carrying heavy articles from the ground floor to the roof, which is more than two hundred and fifty feet above the pavement.

'On emerging from the path of ascent into the clear open air, and wide space upon the roof, it is hard to believe that one is actually on the roof of a house. There are various shops and habitations scattered about, and so extensive an area inclosed within the high battlements that surrounds the roof, that one feels as though he were in the streets, or walking about the inclosures around private dwellings. It is not until a person reaches the roof that the vast proportions and overwhelming size of the church and dome begin to be fully comprehended. The cupolas of the transepts, and the cupolas and towers of the chapels, rise up around him like the public buildings of a city, and far away above all the soaring dome swells up toward heaven, seeming now to be fully as remote as when viewed from the ground. The roof presents an air of great activity and animation. Parties are seen passing and repassing; while here and there one may be seen reclining under the shade of a piece of statuary, or reposing by the side of a work-shop or office, waiting for the return of some who have ascended the dome, or resting after the fatiguing walk up the steep road from below.

'From the roof the path to the summit of the dome lies between the outer and inner frames of this stupendous piece of work. The half of a small egg-shell in a larger one; the inner half being equi-distant from the outer, at every point, will give the reader an idea of the form of the double dome. The stair-way runs between the shells. There are two galleries running entirely around the inner surface of the dome, which may be entered either in the upward or downward route by door-ways leading into them from the stairs. The first is not very far above the base of the dome, the other is some forty or fifty feet higher, from which a full view of the central part of the church below is presented. From these elevated galleries, which are scarcely discernible from below, one may look down almost perpendicularly upon the bronze canopy of the high altar in

the centre of the church, and on the passing crowd which seem to be as grasshoppers creeping about upon the pavement, so diminutive do they appear at this great elevation above them. From these galleries good views are obtained of the interior of the dome, and it is found that the frescoes of human and angelic forms, which appear from below to be only of the ordinary size, are, in fact, immense figures, of colossal proportions, in the strongest and boldest style of frescoing, in order to make them distinctly visible at so great a height.

Continuing upward we reach a point where the passage becomes narrow and more difficult of ascent, and finally we come to a ladder which stands perpendicularly. This is the last ascent into the ball on the top of the dome, on which the cross stands, which is the highest attainable point by the interior flight. The waist, or neck more properly, just below the ball, through which one passes into the metallic globe, is very narrow, and a person very large in the girth could not get through it. We are now four hundred and twenty feet above the surface of the ground. The ball itself will hold, conveniently, at least a dozen persons at one time; but with a hot sun pouring its rays upon it, the visitor will find it about as comfortable as a bake-oven when ready for cooking purposes. There is a ladder on the exterior that winds around the outer surface of the ball, by which one may ascend to the foot of the cross that surmounts the ball. This we were not permitted to ascend. It is said that the reason why persons are not now permitted to go up to this ladder is, because an Englishman, a few years ago, in opposition to the orders of the guide or custode, ascended the ladder, and actually climbed to the top of the cross, which was deemed a very irreverent and offensive act. To prevent a repetition of such acts, the custode will not allow any one to go outside, at the foot of the ladder which mounts up to the cross. At a point a little lower than this there is an outside gallery or parapet, surrounding the base of the ball on the top of the dome, where persons may rest and enjoy the finest prospect in the world. I remained here this morning for more than an hour studying the various localities of Rome and the surrounding country. The Volscian mountains, the Apennines, and the Sabine hills, on the one hand, and the wide-spread campagna and the Mediterranean on the other, were all in full view. The position occupied by the French in 1849, in suppressing the insurrection in Rome, was almost directly under the eye; while the gardens of the Vatican, with their lovely walks and picturesque groves, hedges, cascades, and fountains, were all taken in at a glance, and the low, musical murmur of the waters rose softly and sweetly to the ear as I feasted my eyes upon the enchanting pictures spread before me. The walls of the city could be distinctly traced in all directions, stretching over the hills and down the valleys; while the turbid and yellow waters of the Tiber were visible for many a mile, winding through the campagna, sweeping with many a graceful curve through the city, and then hastening away to lose itself in the bright waters of the dark blue sea that lay sparkling in the sun-light far away on the outer skirts of that matchless plain that surrounds, on all sides, the city of Rome.

On my way downward, I again stepped into the upper gallery of the interior of the dome, which is scarcely visible from below, or, at most, appears like a light moulding running round the inner cope of the dome, and here I was charmed with the delicious strains of music that came swelling up from the chapels far beneath me, in which religious services were going on. One who has not enjoyed the treat of hearing the tones of the organ, and the sweeter notes of the human voice, woven into the most captivating web of song, as it reached me this morning, in the quiet, solemn, silent dome of Saint Peter's, can form no just estimate of the power of music over the human soul. It stirred all the latent emotions of my heart, and filled my eyes with tears. I could not tell why. It seemed to me as though I had gotten away from earth, and was in a far-off clime, where sorrow and sighing had fled and gone, and was listening to the chantings of the white-robed throng who stand on the 'sea of glass, mingled with fire,' that rests in placid beauty beneath the shadow of the eternal throne. The atmosphere around me was filled with incense; angel forms were hovering above me, while still from below there came up the pealing notes of music, softened by the distance, that sounded like the minstrelsy and song of a happier clime.'

We have little to add: save that we wish to enforce upon *all* Americo-European travellers the propriety of 'speaking of things as they find them,' instead of trying, when they get home, to write a book about what they have seen abroad. Mr. EDWARDS did not *try* — he did not *care*: but he has *succeeded*. 'Now mark our words.'

OSTREA: OR THE LOVES OF THE OYSTERS. A Lay by A. FISHE SHELLY, Esq. A Thin Volume of Seventy-two Pages. New-York: T. J. CROWEN, Number 699 Broadway.

'SAMIVEL,' said the elder WELLER to his son, when that hopeful youth had drained the 'Guv'nor's pot of 'alf-an'-'alf' to the very bottom, 'SAMIVEL, you'd ha' made a good 'yster, if you'd been brought up in that line o' life: your powers of suction is unkimmon.' We may say the same of the author of this very clever '*Capriccio*.' We are glad to scrape acquaintance with such an unctuous bivalve. He is a 'born oyster,' if ever there was one. His 'suction' even SAM WELLER has not exceeded. He has heretofore drawn in, and now most pleasantly imparts the juice of keen observation, the smart stomachic of satire, and the 'white meat' of wit and humor. 'Long may he wave!' But suppose we try a little of him plain, on the half-shell? And first, observe how learned he is. We 'don't know as we ever *know'd* a man that know'd as much as what he knows' about 'ysters. 'DAN. EDWARDS,' down on South-Shrewsbury, (who, when we summered on the sweet 'Little Silver' river near Long-Branch, used to haul up oysters for us in August, out of forty-feet water, as fat, and sweet, and delicious as were ever 'tasted in mid-winter,') DAN. may know as much: so may DOR. LON — so may DOWNING: yet we doubt it. But that's neither here nor there. Listen:

'THE OYSTER is a creature that perambulateth the bottom of the sea, and absorbeth nutriment from the limosity thereof,' saith the venerable ALFREDUS in his treatise '*De Prodigis*:' and farther: 'It hath for its muniment and protection two conches, or VALVULÆ, and therein advantageth the TESTUDO or SHELL-CRAB, which is mighty vulnerable between the joints of his belly.' It hath been most frequently the subject of inquisition and comment by learned writers, both neoteric and ancient; and hath been the comfort and solacement of the people of all times, and ever held in high dignity and repute. This creature was known of old to the Philistæi, and to the Sidonians, and to all the people that did skirt the MEDITERRANEUM. The Colchians also did fetch them from the Euxine, and the Samothracians from the shores of the Ægean. They were matters of great savor and relish, (GRATI SAPORIS,) it is also reported, among the inhabitants of Cyprus, and because the Jews did hold them, as well as all Shell fish, as an abomination, the Cypriots did make a law, that if any Jew should be cast on their coasts, he should be straightways knocked in the head; which sheweth that they did rate and repute this fish even beyond the life of man. But especially were they held in esteem among the Romans, who did bestow wondrous pains upon the procreation and fattening thereof. The shores of the Hellespont were mainly fruitful therein. 'ORA HELLESFONTIA CÆTERIS OSTREOSIOR ORIS.' We read also of the 'OSTRIFERI FAUCES ABIDI.' But above all were they famed that were raised in the LACUS LUCRINUS, of which HORATIUS speaketh as 'LUCRINA CONCHYLIA,' and which he did use to wash down with his Lesbian wine.

'CAPACIORES, Affer huc, puer, scyphos,
Et chia vina, aut lesbia.'

'To which lake were they brought and fed from Brundusium, also in great repute therefor; as, also, from Baize, where were planted the first Oyster-beds by one SERGIUS, as PLINY telleth: 'SERGIUS ORATA, PRIMUS, OSTREAREA IN BAJANO LOCAVIT.'

'In the ancient time, in England, were they also in great liking and store: whereof it is said: 'LES GENTZ DU ROYAUME SONT USEZ PLUS QUE NUL PART AILLEURES; and, also, on the southern-westernmost coast of Scotland, where they were planted and forwarded, and of the right to the beds, whereof great dissensions and differences did arise, and for the settlement whereof it is stated in the REGIAM MAJESTATEM, that, 'WHEN YE TWELVE ROYALL MEN COMPEER AND PASS UPON YE ASSISE, THEY SHALL PROCEEDE AND TRYE QUHILK OF YE PARTYES, YE PERSEWER, OR YE DEFENDANT, HATH BEST RIGHT TO YE LONDS CLAIMED.'

'GRIDLWGL, the learned Welshman, also extolled them, in his 'LLW RHTHW LRLWL,' as, also, SALVIANUS, in his work, 'DE PISCUM NATURA ET PREPARATIONE;' although, he saith, that they do, if much partaken of, dispose to melancholy, and to the seeing, in one's sleep, of phantoms and incubi.

It is related by PONTOPPIDAN, that ELSHELM, one of the kings of the West-Saxons, did ordain that three score should be fattened daily for his wife, who did mightily affect them; and also of one Oo, a tyrant of the Ichthyophagi, that he did use to regale himself with a thousand fricaseed daily, for his breakfast. PETER of Banbury relateth that he did merrily feast, at Chester, upon Christmas, with the ancient fraternity of the wax-chandlers, of oysters and Hippocras.

ALEXANDER AB ALEXANDRO relateth of a certain Duke of Muscovy, that he did use to keep one to sport withal, as others use to do with a lap-dog, and that, when angered, it would quaver with its chaps, as Jackanapes are wont to do when in choler.'

Well doth our author exclaim of the OYSTER, that 'especially is it a most sweet, pleasant, and delectable thing to them that do affect good cheer and the joys of the table, for it may be prepared and accommodated in many curious fashions and dispositions, to suit the taste of each that would partake thereof; and of a verity doth it afford a most enjoyable nutriment and ravishing regalement; being both dainty, juicy, unctuous, and otherwise palatable in itself, as well as sanitary and advantageous in its consequences and effects; and in sooth, altogether, most refreshing and comforting to the body, and cheering to the spirits; and is always, especially in these days, held in great odor and repute by all staunch Epicureans and valiant good trenchermen.' And now for a few, heightened by garnishments and intensives:

'I SING THE OYSTER! (Virgin theme!)
King of Molluscules! Ancient of the stream!
Thy birth was Time's — soon as th' affrighted world,
A quivering mass, in space immense was hurled —
In darkness cradled — 'mid chaos nursed
Tumultuous! — ambiguous, till burst
Thy unctuous beauty on a world where none
Could know thy merit; there, alone
Thou pined'st forlorn, 'mid mud and flood and slime,
Ere man came on the stage, far in the time
Cosmogenetical.

'Nor yet alone — primordial bivalve!
Say, in thy nonage, didst thou not have
Some shell-fish *she*, by tender tie endeared,
To share thy mud, and pull thy downy beard?
Her love to cherish, and to calm her fear
When MEGALOSAURUS fierce came rather near;
Or when GALUMPUS, monarch of the main,
Loud bellowing, shook afar the watery plain!
Or COL-LOS-SOCH-E-LYS, grim giant of the shore,
Lashed out his tail, and gave his morning roar
Thundiferous!

'How long, bemired, inglorious, didst thou sleep?
Thy charms secreted by the envious deep, —
Unknown, untasted, and unsung! So lies
The fairest flower 'neath Arab's desert skies;
So sleeps the gem within its rocky tomb;
So blinks the planet in its distant gloom,
Till some rare *savant* brings it to the view —
So, half the world, for ages, lay *perdue*,
Till great COLOMBO chanced this way to steer,
And waked our dozing hemisphere,
One morning!

'To fame unknown, but no less worthy, he,
 Who, of all men, first found and tasted thee.
 How great his faith! his courage how audacious!
 To swallow *thee*, cold, slimy, and vivacious!
 What tremor his! as when thou first didst glide
 Down his *œsophagus*, and didst nimbly hide
 Within the inner man; but when, by repetition,
 He gained, at length, the rapturous fruition
 Of all thy charms — what triumph his! to find
 That *he*, of all, had given to mankind
 A new sensation!'

We can tell our young friend *one* thing, which is, that with all his cleverness, he evinces occasionally a lack of the perception of *measure*. 'Power,' 'Flower,' etc., in poetry, are words of *one* syllable only, and should never be otherwise used. What is the difference between the sound of *flour* and *flower*? These blemishes always irk us, when we find them, as we frequently do, in verse sent to us for publication. They are invariably pretermitted in the proof, to be sure, but still they indicate a 'bad ear,' and are therefore annoying:

'Each drooping flow-er hangs its head:'

Miserable! But never mind; let us haste to the wedding: the union of a royal OYSTER and his juicy bride. The happy pair visit the retreat of a bivalve-anchorite, to be joined in 'HYMEN's sacred bands: ' (from SHAK.)

'COYLY resisting, her he led
 To where, by hanging rock o'erspread,
 There was a little cell:
 An ancient *Scallop's* sanctuary,
 Where, free from world and vanity,
 He long had loved to dwell.

'About his cell, arranged with care,
 Were shells of snails and sea-weeds rare,
 And mosses old and dry:
 A venerable sponge, his bed,
 And skeleton of eel, at head,
 Warned of mortality.

'Crooked was his shell, and gray his beard,
 With hoary age, and far revered
 For lore and sanctity;
 Cunning he was, and well did know
 The moving tides, and when a blow
 Foretold the changing sky.

'There passed, reflective he, the days,
 Apart from noisy herd, and maze
 Of worldly cares and strife;
 Sweet Solitude, with love sincere,
 There did he woo, his mistress dear
 And pleasure of his life.'

'Illumed by phosphorescent shell
 And fire-fly lamp, the little cell
 Glows with unusual light.
 By many a spell and holy rite,
 The loving pair there doth unite
 This holy anchorite.

'By altar of rosy coral placed,
 Tenderly with shells inlaced,
 The twain became but one:
 No witnesses, save crickets three,
 Who, passing, stop, and sing with glee
 Their *epithalamium*.'

There was a song sung on the above occasion by a young PERIWINKLE, of a sentimental turn of mind; but good as it is, we are compelled to omit it.

OYSTERS, of course, are a part, and an important part, of '*Night in Town*:' hence the appropriateness of the subjoined, which to us seems something more than usually picturesque and graphic. Observe, please, the expressions which we have taken the liberty to *italicise*:

'Now lies in darkness muffled, all the town,
 Save where some gas-lamp penetrates the gloom,
 Or glancing lights from dwelling, or from inn,
 Reveal hilarity and life within:

Or mammoth lantern, with its painted glare,
 Invites the rover to potation there ;
 Or lighted coach along the pavement flies,
Like some big bug, with phosphorescent eyes ;
 Or down an area, opened bull's-eye's rays
 Of drowsy watchman, sends a sudden blaze ;
 Now Vice creeps out, and crawls her slimy rounds,
 And brawling Mirth his noisy tocsin sounds.
 Now skulking miscreants leave their murky lairs,
 And Crime, abroad, its stealthy purpose dares —
 While on the roofs, Grimalkin amorous roves,
And cooks, o'er railings, tell their greasy loves.

'Some worship at EUTERPE's favored shrine,
 Where *bassos* bellow, and where tenors whine ;
 And PRIMA DONNA, through three acts insane,
 At length, sings back her brains again ;
 While simpering Miss, at home, so orthodox,
 Here, ogles boldly from her opera-box ;
 To come, from night to night, she sighs,
 And waxes maudlin o'er the tenor's eyes :
 While *Pater*, lost in dreams of 'Speculation,'
 Damns (to himself) the whole Italian nation.'

Here we rest: leaving lecturers, spirit-rappers, *et id genus omne*, to be rapped over the knuckles with the hammer of satire: while we reiterate our expression of the pleasure which this unpretending little 'booklet' has given us, and predict for the writer a 'considerable' literary hereafter, if he will but 'mind his eye.' *En avant, Mons. 'A FISHE SHELLEY !'*

PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

FLOURISHING is '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*,' a neighbor paper, treating of field sports and matters pertinent to current literature. It is presided over by a trio of worthies; and in the number of June thirtieth, we find an able paper by the Senior Editor, PORTER himself, upon the life and merits and death of his old friend, JOHN C. STEVENS. This memoir is one of marked ability, and bears the evidence of deep and honest feeling, such as one surviving friend would feel at the loss of a friend whose character possessed such qualities as distinguished that of the worthy and lamented STEVENS. Mr. STEVENS was a marked man, and well was he calculated to arouse in a kindred breast the lamp-light of a love that knows no flicker and needs no trimming; and in glorious style has the '*Spirit*' come up to the sad but sympathetic duty of commemorating upon its pages the deeds of duty in all the walks of a varied life of the departed friend of field-sports and manly exercises. PORTER'S '*Spirit*' has won a new claim to public favor by bearing so earnest and heart-felt a testimony to a man so well known and so universally beloved.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—An 'IMPROVEMENT' is a very simple thing, the moment you take your eye and throw it upon the subject, upon which, perhaps, before you had 'something thought, but naught intently.' This was preëminently the case with the '*Hen Persuader*.' Reflecting deeply upon the principle one night, the great IDEA was evolved: in one week from that time, the '*Persuader*' was a 'a thing of life:' and such, we have no doubt, was the inception of the simple and beautiful invention, mentioned in the 'CIRCULAR' which we subjoin: The principle is somewhat analogous to that of the '*Persuader*:' prolonged disappointment being the motive-power in each case: the one, however, is 'back-action,' the other, an accelerated forward movement:

'Circular: To the Public.

'PERMIT me to call your undivided attention to an invention lately made and patented by myself, which is calculated to produce the most beneficial results, and prove of inestimable value to mankind. It is well known that the sewing-machines now so generally in use, are the most important invention and greatest blessing of the age. Every lady considers this instrument indispensable to her happiness; it has completely usurped the place of the piano-forte and harp in all well-regulated families; and she who once purchased materials for clothing by the yard, now procures them by the piece or bolt, to enjoy the rational pleasure of easily making them into garments.

'In the humble cabin of the laborer, and in the halls of the rich and great, now resounds from morning until night, the whirl of the sewing-machine. The result of this universal grinding, although eminently gratifying to the sellers of dry-goods, and the philanthropic fathers and husbands who discharge their bills, has not been of a favorable nature to our ladies in a physical point of view. It is found that the constant use of the crank has brought on rheumatic and neuralgic affections in the shoulder, and a similar application of the treddle has a tendency to produce hip

diseases, and white swelling of the knee-joint, accompanied by nervous complaints of a painful character. The undersigned is acquainted with a most estimable single lady of middle age, who, having procured one of the fast-running machines, was so enchanted with it, that she persisted in its use for thirty-six hours without cessation, and found, on endeavoring to leave off, that her right leg had acquired the motion of the treddle in such a painful manner, that it was impossible to keep it still, and her locomotion thereafter assumed a species of polka step exceedingly ludicrous to witness, and particularly mortifying to herself. I regret to add that she was compelled, by a vote of the society, to withdraw from the Methodist Church, on a charge of dancing down the broad aisle on a Communion Sunday. A more melancholy instance was the case of Mrs. THOMPSON of Seekonk, a most amiable lady, beloved and respected by all around her, but who, by constant use of the crank, lost all control of the flexors and extensors of her right arm, and inadvertently punched her husband in the eye, which, he being a man of suspicious and unforgiving disposition, led to great unhappiness in the family, and finally resulted in the melancholy case of THOMPSON *vs.* THOMPSON, so familiar to most of the civilized world. A turn for mechanism, and an intense desire to contribute to the happiness of the female sex, have ever been distinguishing traits in my character. On learning these facts, therefore, I devoted myself to a thorough investigation of the subject, and after a month of close application, have at last made an invention which will at once do away with every thing objectionable in the use of the sewing-machine.

'This beautiful discovery is now named

'PHENIX'S FELINE ATTACHMENT.'

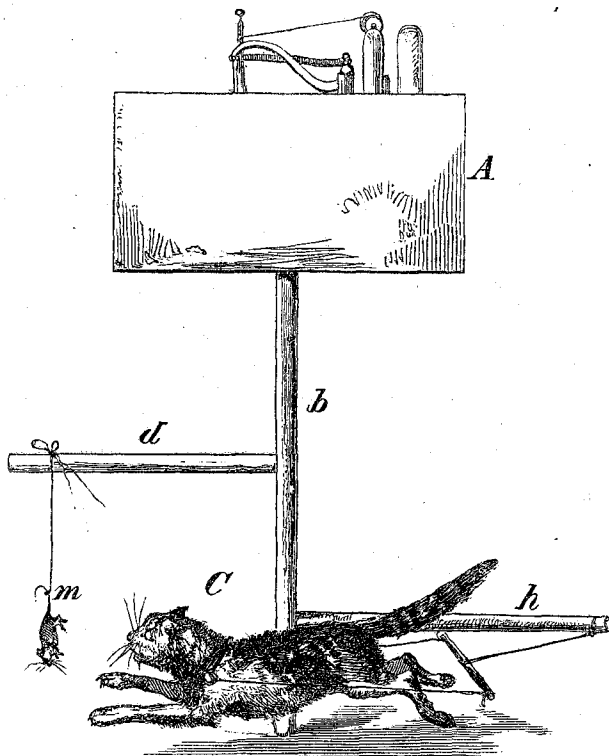
'Like most great inventions, the Attachment is of great simplicity. An upright shaft is connected with the machine by a cog-wheel and pinion, and supported below by a suitable frame-work. Two projecting arms are attached to the shaft, to one of which a large cat is connected by a light harness, and from the other, a living mouse is suspended by the tail, within a few inches of the nose of the *motor*. As the cat springs toward the mouse, the latter is removed, and keeping constantly at the original distance, the machine revolves with great rapidity. The prodigious velocity produced by the rapacity of the cat in its futile endeavors to overtake the mouse, can only be imagined by one who has seen the Attachment in full operation.

'It is thus that man shows his supremacy over the brute creation, by making even their rapacious instincts subservient to his use.

'Should it be required to arrest the motion of the machine, a handkerchief is thrown over the mouse, and the cat at once pauses, disgusted.

'Remove the handkerchief, and again she springs forward with renewed ardor. The writer has seen one cat (a tortoise-shell) of so ardent and unwearied disposition, that she made eighteen pairs of men's pantaloons, two dozen shirts, and seven stitched skirts, before she lay down exhausted. It is to be hoped that the ladies throughout the land will avail themselves of this beautiful discovery, which will entirely supersede the use of the needle, and make the manufacture of clothing and household materials a matter of pleasure to themselves, and exciting and healthy exercise to their domestic animals. I present below an elevation of the 'Feline Attachment' in operation, that all may understand its powers, and none fail to procure one, through ignorance of its merits. The Attachment will be furnished to families having sewing-machines, on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest

notice. Young and docile cats supplied with the Attachment, by application at 348 Broadway, New-York. Office of the Patent Back-Action Hen-Persuader.



Elevation of 'Phoenix's Feline Attachment.'

'A. SEWING-MACHINE, Box-pattern,	\$75 00
C. CAR, at various prices, say,	\$2½ to 10 00
B. Vertical Shaft,	5 00
D. H. Projecting arms,	50
M. MOUSE,	12½

Total cost of Machine and Attachment, \$90 62½

'Persons wishing to avail themselves of this invention, will have the goodness to address, as above,

JOHN PHOENIX, Professor, Etc.'

It really seems astonishing; it appears almost singular; in fact it is, when rightly considered, well nigh surprising, that we should have opened the following letter from the '*Administrator, etc., of the Late Gilbert Sphynx*' directly after the PHOENIX had arisen and flapped his opinions over our previous pages. There is but one PHOENIX: and we have doubts even of *him*. We still think him a Myth. We said so at the Astor, having previously learned, at our town-sanctum, that he stopped there: the handsome clerk said: 'No: there *was* a MYTH, or SMYTH, or some such name,

here yesterday; but he has gone to the St. NICHOLAS, I think: good morning: dinner for six in Number —: plates for eight: four, *sharp!* What's your number, Sir? Much baggage? Five trunks? JOHN! — Left: St. NICHOLAS: same scene: 'Gone to New-York Hotel.' Went up — omnibus full — *walked* up: hot day: obliged to leave for Cedar-Hill Cottage on the Hudson at half-past three o'clock exactly (generally a little *before*, too, Captain COCHRAN, 'sorry to say,' for the *over-punctual* credit of our boat :) entered 'Mr. PHENIX, MYTH, ('SMYTH?') no, Sir, *Myth!* — is either of this gentleman in? 'PHENIX has left for Boston: don't *know* MYTH.' Left again: There *may* be a PHENIX; but if so, he is an eastern bird. We hold, however, with Mrs. GAMP's Mrs. HARRIS, that 'there ain't no sich a person:'

'A d v e r t i s e m e n t .

'SOMETHING handsome will be paid by the undersigned for the top-knot and claws of that queer bird which has lately made its appearance among the feathered tribes of America, to the extreme confusion of AGASSIZ and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This preposterous fowl is styled 'Phoenix.'

'Ancient writers on ornithology mentioned the Phoenix with as little misgiving as they wrote 'chicken,' 'partridge,' 'duck,' etc., etc. Whatever doubt there might have been in the minds of PLINY and his friends about the condor and the albatross, there was none whatever about the Phoenix. COLERIDGE's 'Ancient Mariner' was in fact read with general incredulity, but whatever assertions any gentleman might throw out in relation to the Phoenix went down without difficulty.

'At a later day, however, the new lights all said there was no Phoenix, and never was or would be, for two reasons namely: First, because there could n't be a Phoenix: secondly, because there would n't be one if there could. These two propositions took the wind out of the sails of PLINY and his backers, and the science of ornithology became settled on the basis of no Phoenix, and remained in that state for several centuries. No question ever was more completely settled. No finality was ever more final, to all appearance. But lo! and behold, some three or four years ago, a real live Phoenix, with an intensely Yankee type of feather, came straggling down from the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, with a carol like the squawk of a rail-road cattle-alarm, and with wings like a pair of gutta-percha over-coats flapping before a clothing-store in the equinoctial storm, alighted on the tallest tree of a California gallows-orchard, and began to regale the Pacific coast with selections from his delectable *repertoire*. By-and-by we heard the 'critter' fifeing up in Oregon, with great applause from the Nootka 'circles,' no doubt. The hardy savages of those shores can stand a good deal — and they stood that. There might have been an increased mortality among infants, but if there was, the press did not notice the fact. As long as the new bird was satisfied to adorn the Fauna of the Pacific coast, we had nothing to say, but when the gutta-percha over-coats were spread for a flight to the Atlantic side, we felt that there would be a 'crisis' pretty soon, and verily the crisis came.

'Considerate nature, according to the ancients, never afflicts the earth with more than one Phoenix at a time, and then only once in a century. The undersigned hopes that an appreciation of these two facts, and the reward offered, will induce some enterprising person, or body corporate, to hunt down, ensnare, capture and deliver, dead or alive, to the public authorities, this lawless interloper. When he and the June comet are put out of the way, the march of mind can be resumed. At present we might as well shut up our institutions of learning.

'Description: The Phoenix is between five and six feet high; quite erect; face and head of moderate Down-East type, and adorned with beautiful and luxuriant plumage, of which the natural color is a glorious red, but which is generally 'toned down' by some process not yet well understood by naturalists, to a darker shade. Back and legs blue, though the latter during dog-days are sometimes white — tufts of gold on each side near the head; specks of gold here and there; feet armed with spurs; on the whole, a very gorgeous and expensively got-up style of poultry.

'Habits: Audacious, voracious, pugnacious, predaceous, and impudent to a degree. It is a talking bird, and has picked up a sort of rag-fair dialect, which can be easily understood by those familiar with the English language. Its favorite diversion is to sit on some perch above the highest flight of a brick-bat, and reel off its fantastic jargon, mixed with peals of horse-laughter, to the vast annoyance of all persons of solid parts, and to the diversion of none except that giddy portion of the public who subscribe for or borrow the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine.

'The quality with which this fowl is endowed above all others, is unquestionably *sass*. The amount of *sass* which it can bring to bear on a given object, would have been incredible to the ancients if they had been presented with any statements on that point — reckoning as antiquity all that period of time anterior to the introduction of the equator as an article of female costume. No person, potentate, or institution, enjoys immunity against this giddy chatterbox. At one time he chaffs the President of the United States; at another, the little Dutch Minstrel who sings Dog Tray; next it is the BEECHER Family; anon the 'PIKE Family'; then the QUEEN of Great Britain, or the Fourth of July, or Thanksgiving day. No game too high or too low, too big or too little. Sometimes, like the owl, he is content to snap up a mouse; sometimes, like the tempest-scorning condor, he does not hesitate to pitch into a jackass. He sits, as it were, on a tree-top by the road-side of Time, and salutes every pilgrim that trudges by with his impudent farrago, and if the exasperated passenger fires his blunderbuss at the tormentor, you will see him straightway flounder in the tree-top in mock anguish, with the most hideous screeching, or hang by one claw from a dry branch for a full minute, like a dead crow tied up *in terrorem*; then flirting up with a peal of cachinnation, he recommences his audacious harangue.

'A few days ago, (as I learn from the May number of the Magazine before named,) this chatter-box ventured to discharge a little of its 'sass' at the memory of that gigantic philosopher, the late Dr. SPHYNX, whose work, in fourteen quarto volumes, on 'The Human Mind,' is destined to stand like fourteen pyramids dividing all time into two divisions, namely, the dark ages and day-light. The assertion that a certain production of this profound reasoner and poet is a plagiarism from JOHNSON'S Dictionary, is grossly and maliciously untrue. Dr. JOHNSON'S highly respectable lexicography is exhausted in the title-page and preface of the great 'Tractatus on the Human Mind.' Dr. JOHNSON could not have conversed even in the English language with my respected decedent without the aid of an interpreter. Dr. J. was satisfied to drop a bucket into the 'well of English undefiled.' SPHYNX drove an Artesian auger an hundred fathoms deeper. Notice is hereby given, that if I catch this Phoenix, I'll make a Thanksgiving turkey of him — also, that there are a *very few* copies of the Tractatus on the Human Mind not yet disposed of, which the undersigned would be willing to part with on highly reasonable terms. Application should be made early, or a copy of this stupendous work *may not be secured*. Several learned societies and agents of European libraries are in negotiation for the *very few* copies on hand; but the undersigned will close with no offers for *four weeks only*.

The Administrator, etc., of the late

G. SPHYNX.

'JOHN HONEYWELL' is responsible for the following :

'Our neighbor Turrs was sore depressed,
Down-hearted, weary, and forlorn,
And said he never wished to see
The rising of another morn.
Thus sadly hypped, he cast about
To find the easiest mode to die,
As invalids will always seek
The smoothest road to journey by.

'He had been told — and thought it true —
That starving was a horrid death;
That hanging had been proved to be
An awful way to stop the breath:
To drown was but a kitten's fate,
And poison was plain suicide;
But he had heard that men who *froze*
Were all unconscious when they died.

'Eureka! 'T was a winter night,
The wind was from the nor'-nor'-west,
And mother Earth lay in her shroud,
With winding-sheet above her breast.
He looked at his thermometer,
The mercury had gone to sleep,
And zero watched it at the foot,
Shrunk to a little bulbous heap.

'And Turrs was charmed! This was the
way,
And this the hour to serve his turn,
While for the solemn shades of night
To hide the deed he 'gan to yearn:
At last they came; and when they fell,
Still stronger grew his strange desire,
As with a look of great contempt
He eyed the ever cheerful fire.

'Off went his cap, and coat and boots;
He plunged into the bitter air,
And mounting on a buried wall,
Sat like a storm-raised spectre there;
A counterpart, on snow-drift perched,
(Expecting soon to be a corse,)
Of that apocalyptic scene
Where Death bestrides a great white
horse.

'One thing poor Turrs quite overlooked,
In his desire the world to quit;
The earlier stage he had ignored —
Perhaps, indeed, forgotten it.

An interval of painful time,
Of suffering and of torture lay,
Before the man, who, all benumbed,
Could thus unconscious pass away.

'And so JACK FROST, the savage, gripped
His stiffening hands and aching toes,
And with sharp biting pincers nipped
Poor shivering Turrs' rebellious nose.
The pains of death gat hold of him,
With fierce and unrelenting strife,
Till the pale victim, purple cold,
Up stakes and ran for very life.

'Ran for his mittens and his boots,
His coat and eke his blanket-shawl,
Resolved to suffer martyrdom
In comfort, or not die at all.
This was too cold a track for him,
He would not make his exit so,
But much preferred to bide his time,
And longer bear his load of wo.

'Within the house he called for things
To shield him from the piercing storm,
And plumped him down before the fire
Meantime, to get a little warm.
He rubbed his ears, and wrung his hands,
And thrust his feet before the fender,
Then gave his icy nose a tweak,
And found the skin uncommon tender.

'Thus in the chair he sat and sulked,
And his stern resolution nursed,
Still bound to meet, when warmer clad,
The weather that he inly cursed.
And with this brave resolve in hand,
He watched the fire that blazed and
roared,
And when the kitchen clock struck ten,
Turrs slept, and like a toper snored!

'His dreams were full of polar bears,
Of ice-bergs, and of blinding snows;
And icicles a yard in length,
That hung dependent from his nose.
And when he woke with sudden start
To find the horrid vision fled,
He swore a good round Saxon oath,
Raked up the fire, and went to bed.'

'Circumstances alter cases.' - - - We stood on our little Eastern piazza this blessed Sunday morning, one quarter of an hour before five o'clock. It does n't matter much to state the fact: but now that the lovely vernal season has come, we cannot choose but be up betimes. Five o'clock in the morning has not found us in bed for a month; and, please God, it will not, during the summer, life and health being spared. As we write, not a soul in the house is stirring; all are asleep. But we were saying that we stood upon the piazza. 'What went you out for to see?' perhaps may think or ask some inquisitive reader. The *scenery*, God bless you, my dear Sir! — scenery not elsewhere to be found. But what we chiefly thought of was, the *Pictorial Infallibility of True Genius*. Look at the Hunson, in

its broadest expanse, pouring its flood to the main: with the hundreds of opaque sails upon its bosom, flitting into dimness beyond the misty Palisades. WIER, and he alone, of all our artists, whose works we have seen, has painted that neutral color of nature, that 'gray and melancholy tone;' which, when the upper rim of the low cloud that is every moment brightening over the wizard region of Sleepy-Hollow, shall be tinged by the up-risen sun will make the Tappan-Zee a sea of glory! Stop, half a minute: it is coolish, to be sure: but there is some wood burning in the sanctum-grate to take the chill off; so listen a moment longer to the great steamers moving toward, and hear the muffled drumming of their wheels. And now look about you here. How green the odorous cedars; and on all the fresh, flower-besprent little lawn in front, from cherry and pear-trees, (partly ours, and partly our neighbor's, but still ours this morning,) drop the 'light blossoms on the grass like snow.' Oh! this is a beautiful world. - - - The KITE we spoke of in a late number, was a *good* kite: it performed well. It stood high 'in community. But a *recent* 'article,' with caveat, specifications, letters-patent, and tail, all complete, has 'taken the wind' from it entirely. Dry red pencil-cedar is the best material for your main-mast and yard-arm: secure all taut with spun-yarn: take one of the young lady's willow hoops, lithe, and smooth, and tractable, for hoop for your bow: stay it sexagonically from the zenith of the KITE, terminating at the nadir with cord-guys: let your paper be firm — your cord strong. Then put 'im up — if he will go. Ours would n't at first: fact is, had n't wind. So we brought him home, and hung him up in the next room. But our efforts to delight the little folks were not unnoticed. A man came to us down the lane, as we were smoking a briefly-drawn, mild Meerscham on the piazza, 'thinkin' o' things,' and he said: 'I dinks de wind 'ave arozen: I dinks now de KITE go ups!' Bless his watery-blue Teutonic eyes! He comes from 'das land't where they love children, and do more to amuse them than in any other country 'on the face of the globéd airth' — not even excepting 'la belle France.' We went out, and we *did* put 'im up! No 'Gilderoy Kite' ever exceeded it. - - - We beg leave to ask our brother-editors throughout the United States, if it is not often the fact, that they receive works from publishers of established repute over the whole country, that are *so good* that it is not thought necessary to say a word about them? This, to our mind, is precisely the case with certain of the recent publications of TICKNOR AND FIELDS of Boston. Look at their edition of the Waverley Novels: their '*Household Edition*,' as they have most felicitously termed it: in paper, printing, form — every thing to be *desired* in any edition, how complete and beautiful! So of their '*Blue-and-Gold Editions*' of LONGFELLOW'S Prose and Poetry; of TENNYSON, Mrs. JAMIESON'S works, GERALD MASSEY, and the like: how *exquisite* they are, in that 'first appeal, which is to the eye:.' and nothing more, of course, do they need. Success to the MOXONS and MURRAYS of America!

'As the exquisite PYM would say: 'It must have been — ah — a dayvelish smart fellow who first invented — ah — cwticism!' BYRON thought so too, no doubt, though he did n't say it.

'The definition of the word criticism, or I should rather say, the occupation of the critic, is very varied, according to 'time, place, and circumstance,' as the grammar hath it. At the present time, and in our country, the critics seem chiefly divided into two great classes, namely, those who are paid for *writing up* the literature of the day, and those who are paid for *writing it down*. I am not sure that our country is an exception, in this respect, to the rest of the world! There is, to be sure, a third class, but its numbers are so very small that it is scarce worth classing: I allude to those who criticise independently of the 'almighty dollar,' from their own judgment of merit or the want of it.

'But there also exists a considerable sprinkling of individuals, who, they' though of right belong not to any genuine order of critics, yet arrogate unto themselves the privileges thereof, and thrust their opinions, unasked and undesired, as well as unvalued, upon the literary world very often — upon their literary friends far more frequently. My friend, MEDDILL, is one of these.

'MEDDILL is a fussy, inquisitive, good-natured, disagreeable old bachelor, who is convinced that he is a literary man and was born a poet. Fortunately for himself and the world at large, his productions have never gone farther into life than the original MSS. He has, however, long given up writing, and now devotes himself to giving valuable critical hints to his young literary friends.

'About two or three months ago, I was seated in my sanctum, (back attic,) giving a finishing touch to a few stanzas I was about to send friend KNICKERBOCKER. Open Sesame, and enter Mr. MEDDILL.

'After the usual salutations: 'Ah! got something new there?'

'Yes: a trifle for the venerable KNICK, if he 'll have it.'

'Let me see it. Ah! um — um — good! umm — very good! a little rough, though; wants a touch here and there — eh? Do n't you think so?'

'Well! perhaps so; where would you *touch* it chiefly, Mr. MEDDILL?' (spoken seriously, with a bark, to smother a laugh.)

'Why, you know I never scribble these things any more; pleasant for young folks; flowers and bowers, honey and money, and all that; but my young days are over. However, I still feel the vein, you know, the divine afflatus: once a poet, always a poet.'

'Of course; and I hope you 'll give me a hint or two, to —'

'Well! if you insist; but do n't suppose I object to the poem as a whole, by no means: it's very neat — very neat, indeed — only a lit-t-l-e touch here and there —'

'As for instance; come now, Mr. MEDDILL.'

'Well, then, here's a line — very pretty conceit, but 'bitter crest?' Do n't you think, now, foamy crest would be more forcible, more elegant — eh?'

'Foamy crest, let it be; go on, Mr. MEDDILL.'

'Really, I — I am only suggesting, you know, not finding fault —'

'Certainly, and I am taking advantage of your suggestions; go on, Sir, I beg.'

'Um — um (reading sotto-voce) ah! now you've got 'taunting;' not strong enough, it strikes me; you want something vivid — let — me — see — ghas — yes! ghastly's the word; ghastly, fearful image, you know, eh?'

'Ghastly it is; proceed, my dear Sir.'

'Well, you are really too — too —'

'Not at all, Sir; pray go on.'

'And on he went, making about fifteen corrections upon the same principles as

the ones already quoted, and constantly reminding me, that he was by no means finding fault; quite the contrary; that the poem was really very neat indeed, and only required a lit-t-l-e touch here and there, which I, no doubt, would have seen myself if I had just glanced a little more carefully over it; that he had given up poetry with other youthful pastimes, but 'the scent of the roses would hang round him still,' etc., etc. When he had finished I thanked him, and upon his asking me 'If I did not now see the improvement, even of such slight *touches*,' (he had completely snarled up, befuddled and rehased incomprehensibly, the original ideas of the poem,) 'candidly now — eh?'

'I answered that — 'Candidly I *did* see a decided *alteration*.'

'Send it to old KNICK *now*, my boy, and he'll be glad to get it, for it's a devilish good thing,' said friend MEDDILL, as he bid me good morning.

'That evening I mailed the lines, *exactly as I had written them*, to L. G. CLARK, Esq.

'A couple of months afterward they were published. The day after I received my number, I met amigo MEDDILL in the street. 'Well, Mr. MEDDILL,' said I wickedly, 'you were right: friend CLARK has published *our* lines.'

'Pshaw! *your* lines; they were yours, and very pretty they were too; only wanted just a lit-t-l-e *touch* here and there, (the 'our' took him in a soft place though, for all; I saw the self-satisfied condescension of his disclaimer sticking out.) 'So he published them! I knew he would, for they were devilish good. Are you going home? I'll look at them in print.'

'We went home, and without moving a filament of any facial muscle, I handed him the Magazine: I was trying a physiological experiment.

He read the lines first to himself, then aloud, stopping at the end of every stanza to exclaim, 'Very neat;' 'just the turn;' 'smooth and elegant,' until he had finished. Then laying down the book on his knee, 'It's perfect,' he cried; 'could n't be better! I defy LONGFELLOW to improve it! *I told you it only wanted just a lit-t-l-e touch here and there, and you see, with the slight corrections I — a — we made, by Jove! it's the best thing in the book!*'

'Reader! are you not ready to exclaim with the exquisite PYM, heretofore quoted: 'It must have been a devilish smart fellow who first invented *criticism*?''

WE have often thought, 'What in the world that is new, or original, will any body, any writer, be able to say by-and-by?' Here is a case in point. We always supposed that old Judge HOPKINSON, of Philadelphia, wrote 'Hail Columbia,' our great national song: but it turns out that he did n't do it: it is taken almost bodily from an ancient Scandinavian refrain, quoted by VANDERHOOTEN, in his *Skaloöstminkend*, published by SKLOPSTEINSKRÖ-FRENGROZEN at Leipsic last year, and lately re-published in the '*Evening Post*' daily journal. Take, for example, the following stanza:

'SEER! Molungoi's holberdeer!
Seer! Kadarcut's hobregon!
Batwa bnu paad sgrabam schrammen;
Batwa bip' dnas haccan schranszen.
Heel! dnas brusen!
Batwa top paad skurven skuffen:
Heela bnu dlig tekken-tekken.
Heel! dnas brusen!'

But what is still more remarkable than this is the fact, that long before even *this* was written—and the lines we have placed in italics will show how *very* near are the thought and the feeling to Judge HOPKINSON's ode, there appeared in the '*Ka Hae Hawaii*,' of the Sandwich Islands, in a brief prose-poem, almost the same identical sentiment. Let any reader compare the marked passage in the following with the emphasized lines in the foregoing verse, and then say whether we are not correct in our assumption:

'O KA hui'a a me ka uala kahiki na mea kanu o ka poe mahiai ma Kula a me Makawao, he mau mea waiwai maoli no ia; mai ka lepo mai ia waiwai, ke eli nei na kanaka ma ka lepo, a loa'a, me he gula la, ma ka lepo o Kaliponia; *no ka mea, ina e haawi aku one i mau pahu uala i ka mea i makemake i uale; alaila, e haawi aku no hoi kela i wahi gula ia oe; o kou makemake, o ke gula no ia, a o kona makemake o ka uala noia. Maikai ka uala kahiki o Kula i keia makahiki.*

This charge of plagiarism will of course be met by the heirs of Judge HOPKINSON: but *how*? That is the question. - - - Pending the answer to which, read the following 'deferred item,' from the pen of 'PETER PROTEUS:

'I TOOK up an old number of you the other day, and seeing in it some extracts from the sermons and epistles of Mr. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, I was reminded of speech I once heard made by 'a gembleman ob color,' which may, perhaps, be worth relating.

'In the summer of 1850, I was passenger on board the 'Crescent City' steamer, on my way home from California. We stopped for coal at Kingston, Jamaica, and while lying at the wharf there, our skipper, old STODDARD, (you remember STODDARD?) wishing to do the 'handsome thing,' determined to give a dinner-party to the American Consul at that port, the venerable Mr. HARRISON. Of course all the dignitaries of the place must be invited. Now, unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, among these were several gentlemen whose ancestors were one day taken by force from their native shore; and who, by a sort of SUTHERLANDISH and STOWEICAL affectation of philanthropy, are found as capable of filling *certain* public offices in the West-India colonies of Great Britain as any body else. This, to some of the passengers, was a great draw-back to the feast: but the greater number enjoyed the idea heartily, anticipating 'fun.' Commodore JONES, of the Navy, himself a slaveholder, was seated between two fine-looking, able-bodied fellows, either of whom would have brought in the Commodore's State (Virginia) eight hundred dollars, merely as field-hands. The rest were scattered around the table, agreeably intermingled with their white brethren. And I have not the least doubt but that the spirit of WILBERFORCE was looking down upon us, through the four-inch plank of the steamer's upper-deck, in sublime benignity.

'After the cloth was removed, there came 'speaking,' of course. So soon as the PRESIDENT and QUEEN had been rattled off, the Captain, in a neat speech, paid a just compliment to the Consul. The Consul returned thanks and the compliment, winding up with an additional tribute to the English and American Navies. This brought out Lieutenant DYER, of our Navy, as a substitute for Commodore JONES, and a Lieutenant and Surgeon of the English Navy, who were present. One of these latter said something about 'the great American People,' which brought out, as you may suppose, nearly all the passengers. Our 'great kedentry,' and our 'peekeeculiar institooshuns' were handled in the most masterly style by no less than—well, say twenty republican (not black) orators, about thirteen of whom were 'Colonels,' the rest being 'Majors' and 'Judges.'

'After all this was over, the eight-hundred-dollar fellow on Commodore JONES's right, who was a Member of the Legislative Assembly, (and black, though not a republican,) arose, and with great dignity thus addressed us:

'CAPTIN STODEHARD an' Gemblemen: I rise in some embrassmen', for 't aint a wery long time sence I 'cumb accustom' to speakin' in publicity. But I mus' s'press my s'prise at w'at I cann't but degard as 'glect on de parts ob all ob you. Wid mys'prise, I hab to 'spress my degret dat sich a t'ing should hab occur' in dis glorious colony ob our glorious suvrun, an' war HER MAJESTY's officers an' English gemblemen is seated at de table. De 'glect I speak ob is toast. Toast as had orter bin brought afore you.' ('*Spread*,' suggested some body.) 'No, Sar, *not* spread,' continued 'the hon. member,' 'but cobered in dat booty ob language, w'ich I degret I cannot comman'. But, Captin STODEHARD an' gemblemen, as I was a-sayin', w'en I was interrupt' by some unbeknowned wag, you hab all ob you 'glected toast,' ('Because we prefer bread,' said a voice;) 'Den, Sar, stop you' mouf wid it,' was the quick and indignant reply of 'the hon. member;' and the 'Voice' was silenced. 'You hab all ob you 'glected toast, dat 'stead ob bein de las,' (as I's sorry to say 'tis on mos' ob decashun like de presen') should be one ob de fust. I see you is all lookin' roun' at me, an' you feel ashame' ob yourself as you had orter.' ('Come, bear a hand, old chap,' interrupted the English naval surgeon.) 'W'en you get a little older, Doctor, you may hab more *paishuns*, p'r'aps,' was the response of the imperturbable 'hon. member.' This was received with much laughter, and the Doctor remained silent. 'Now, Captin STODEHARD and gemblemen,' proceeded the Srower, 'spite ob interrupshuns, 'spite ob lafter, 'spite ob de Debil heself, I will conclude wid de conclushun ob dis wery feeble effort, widout any more circume-locushun; an' will be de envy ob you all as I stan' fort' in wat may be call' base-relief, de champun ob de far seck!' ('*Bas-relief*! — then he's only *half* a nigger!' growled an inebriated American citizen, fresh from the diggings.) 'Less you all be more stupidder nor I t'ink you is,' continued 'the hon. member,' this time disregarding the interruption, 'you hab guess de toast.' (Cries of 'No! no! we *is* all more stupidder nor you t'ink, we is;') 'Go on;') 'Order.') 'Den I gib you, Captin STODEHARD and gemblemen, 'De companuns ob our jeyes and our sorries, wedder dey be sweet-hearts or wibes — de LADIES!'

'This was received amid shouts, much laughter, three-times-three, and exclamations, such as, 'The heathen!' — 'D — n the daky's impudence!' — 'The black rascal!' and the like; and the dinner-party to the American Consul at the port of Kingston, Jamaica, was over.

'For my part, I thought the black fellow had read us a pretty good lesson, and in consequence, I did n't make much noise.'

Our friend 'B. S. R.,' an old subscriber of Towanda, is quite right in his conjecture; and we agree with him entirely in relation to the paper to which he alludes; but so much time has elapsed since its appearance, it would not be wise, perhaps, to recall attention to it by animadversion or otherwise. 'Let it pass.' - - - THE recent death of CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN, of Pittsburgh, (Penn.,) is deeply felt and widely lamented by all who knew him. He would seem to have been deservedly and almost universally loved, since the Western and South-Western press, and associated societies, unite in paying tribute to his character and in doing honor to his memory. He was a young man, in the prime of life; of good literary taste and acquirements; and used often to write us excellent letters, some of which have appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, whence they were copied with much commendation by the Western and South-Western press.

His gifted brother (they were *twins* in heart) was killed 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,' by the bursting of the boiler of a steamer, which they officered on the Ohio and down the Mississippi; and it always seemed as if, after that, the survivor 'dragged a maimed life.' Right glad were we to take his hand and to chat an evening-hour with him at Louisville, when we had the pleasure to visit, some months since, that most hospitable of towns. A fine face — a cordial manner — a warm heart — and in years, how few! But '*Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens.*' - - - We gather from 'PHIGGS,' who writes us from Port Chester, that there are curious notabilities about that place. Among them is 'BROWN,' of whom this little anecdote is related: 'He had been for some time very much in love with a young lady, and wishing to be a little particular, asked permission, on taking his leave one night, to call her by the name of some animal, which request was granted, on condition that she should have the same privilege. On leaving, BROWN said: 'Good night, *Dear.*' 'Good night *Bore!*' said she. BROWN has since foresworn the company of young ladies.' - - - We have 'an inkling' that few of our readers will not at once recognize the writer of the following as the author of a somewhat kindred '*Examination in Geography*,' the circulation of which was by no means confined to the 'universal press' of the United'n States'n :

'CLASS IN NATURAL HISTORY: Take your places. Subject of to-day's lesson?

'ANSWER: The Young American.

'QUESTION: Where is this animal found?

'ANSWER: In *Uppertendom*.

'QUESTION: Can it exist in any but its native air?

'ANSWER: It cannot thrive, except where civilization is overgrown.

'QUESTION: To what other species is it nearly allied?

'ANSWER: The monkey.

'QUESTION: Which most resembles man?

'ANSWER: Some naturalists place the Young American next to man, but by most it is considered inferior to the monkey.

'QUESTION: Describe the Young American.

'ANSWER: Body and limbs exceedingly slight — head small and very erect, being light — the coat smooth and glittering in spots with the brilliancy of gold or gems — eyes usually mild and gentle in expression, though when the animal is roused, they are capable of a furious glare. A striking peculiarity is the long fur or hair, which, with some, quite covers the face, with others, all but a narrow space below the eyes. Forehead low — teeth small, sharp, and very white.

'QUESTION: Is the Young American dangerous?

'ANSWER: Sometimes threatening, but seldom dangerous. They retreat at once when attacked by man. The kind called Fortune Hunters should, however, be excepted. They are keen-scented and cunning, stealthy in the pursuit of prey, and cruel to their victims.

'QUESTION: On what does the Young American subsist?

'ANSWER: On 'Father's money' — a substance well known in *Uppertendom*.

'QUESTION: Has the Young American any thing like the power of speech?

'ANSWER: When irritated, it gives utterance to a low sound, like 'demd bore, or sometimes, 'kussid bore,' but is usually quiet.

'QUESTION: Can this creature be made useful to man, in any way?

'ANSWER: Some attempts to train him for usefulness have been made, but in vain — they have always resulted in a loss of individuality, and have, therefore, been abandoned. Yet it is valued as a pet by ladies, who are often fond of the creature as a companion in their walks, and they even give it a place in their drawing-rooms; merely as a play-thing, however, as it is of no use where protection is needed. Still, the Young American fills a place in *Uppertendom* which no other animal in the known world would occupy.

'QUESTION: Then what appears to be the object of its existence if it cannot be rendered useful?

'ANSWER: The object of its existence is yet to be discovered, although as we are taught that nothing is made in vain, there is doubtless a design in the existence of the Young American.

'QUESTION: Is the Young American ever confounded with the True American?

'ANSWER: 'Never. The True American is quite a distinct species, and is not found in *Uppertendom*.

'Perfect lessons. The class may be seated.'

From a friend in Jacksonville, (Illinois,) cometh the following: 'Your anecdote of 'Dr. INCHES in KNICK's last, reminds me of one somewhat corollary to it, which may at any time be verified by reference to the 'Album' kept at the house of the once famed 'MARM COOK,' who sojourned on the top of Red Hill, in New-Hampshire. The wit appears rather attenuated, but no one can look on the joke, as it is there, without a laugh. There are inscribed in formal, ladies' Italian hand, names as follows:

'MISS ELLEN INCHES,
" JANE INCHES,
" SUSAN INCHES,
" MARY INCHES,
" GRACE INCHES,
" ANNE INCHES,
SIX INCHES!!'

The summing up at the bottom is the work of some after visitor, whose hand-writing is as bad as his wit. A row of ladies' names, concluded by such a 'base mechanical' termination, never failed to attract the attention of after-visitors. While I am on Red Hill, let me further indulge: A parcel of us lads and lasses were slowly toiling up, on one occasion, carrying the materials for a pic-nic at the top. When our limbs begun to ache, it was agreed that the 'biggest orange' should be the gift of the one who got off the best tribute to the scenery in view from the summit. The following won:

'OLD NICK took his LORD on the top of Mount Tabor,
And to cause HIM to bow down did fruitlessly labor:
I think that 'AULD HANGIE' had done better still,
If instead of Mount Tabor he'd ascended Red Hill.'

Mr. JUSTICE STORY of Mass., and his friend, Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, with ladies, etc., in company, were once toiling up the same steep, when the former, by way of beguilement, commenced in merry vein to introduce Mr. W — to the trees that stood by the path-way. 'This, Mr. WEBSTER, is

Monsieur OAK ; this is Miss ELM, and this is Madam BIRCH, at your service.' 'Oh !' interrupted Mr. WEBSTER, 'forbear all introduction there : I was made perfectly acquainted with the lady in my school-boy days !' Good for our Jacksonville friend - - - MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE authoress of 'The Rural Habitation of Uncle THOMAS,' is writing a series of interesting 'Letters from Europe,' in the '*Independent*' weekly religious journal. The number before us describes her '*First Day in Rome*,' during which she visited, among other places, St. PETER's and the COLISEUM. With the former she was disappointed ; being inferior, in the effect it made upon her, to York and Durham Cathedrals in England, or those of Strasbourg and Cologne, on the Continent. The 'High Altar, with its four twisted pillars,' she says, reminded her of 'a gigantic, awkward four-post bedstead.' 'St. PETER's is wonderful in its gilding, its frescoes, its quantities of colored glass, and its marbles ; but afterall, we were disappointed.' It was only in pacing slowly through the immense aisle, and looking up into the dome, '*where the frescoes are actually blue and misty with the height*,' that the vastness of the edifice took possession of her spirit. But the COLISEUM did *not* 'disappoint' her—the 'chief relic of almighty Rome.' As we read her description of its vast arenas, where *eighty thousand people*, seated, had at one and the same moment witnessed the same gladiatorial exhibition and sacrifice ; where all the trees and shrubs known to Italy, according to our old correspondent, Mr. WARE, author of 'The Palmyra Letters,' are represented in its 'rents of ruin ;' we turned to a painting in our sanctum, the best view of the Coliseum we have ever seen, and for the thousandth time contemplated the scene. Men are walking upon the ground, far below the upper surface of the *foundation* upon which the vast structure rests : let the eye take in *their* measure, reach above *them*, the top of the *base* of the mighty superstructure ; follow up the arches and columns of the five 'grand divisions,' towering at last almost into the very skies ; and scan the awful sweep in the distance of its vanishing oval ; and *some* idea of 'THE COLISEUM' may be gained. Would that we could see it 'in reality and very truth !' But 'the time is not yet.' We cannot dismiss this letter of Mrs. Stowe's without alluding to an *affectation* of 'Englishism' in her writing, which is not only very apparent, but exceedingly ridiculous. Instead of saying, 'I could n't help saying,' or 'We could n't avoid contracting,' etc., the borrowed and ill-worn verbal garb is, 'One feels as if one's heart were in one's throat ;' or 'one's feeling of utter disgust at outward filth, which overpowers one's sense of one's enjoyment of sublimity,' or the like. 'Affectations, look you,' are to be avoided ; and especially by a New-England Yankee woman, whose *natural* dialect is 'to the contrary, and quite the reverse.' - - - THE other day our old friend of '*The Hut*,' now attracting so much attention in our pages, paid a flying visit to 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' where he was well and 'freshly remembered.' The day we passed hereabout, surrounded by as beautiful scenery as there is 'anywheres,' will long be 'marked with a white stone.' And now that we have spoken of '*The Hut*,' which needs no praise at our hands, nor at the hands of any body, for that matter, let us add, that Mr. BRENT does not

confine his pen to our pages. His are the capital '*Stirrup Papers*' in *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, and his the translation of 'EUGENE SUE's new work in the pages of the same sparkling journal. A brilliant landscape-painter, he bids fair to become as eminent with his pen as he is with his pencil. - - - NOTHING can be simpler than a slight improvement which has suggested itself to us, in kite-making. The *point-d'appui* of the KITE, properly controlled by the cord in the hand of the operator, is kindred with the helm of a vessel in the hands of a good and careful pilot. ZACK STALL, and BILL WEATHERWAX know the *feeling* of the 'ERIE' or 'NEW-HAVEN' steamers from the spokes of their wheel, as well as if they had probed the inmost recesses of the hearts of those boats. So with the KITE. Our last was entirely successful. It was much ornamented. Mr. TROW's RAINBOW-STAR, in front of his beautiful Specimen-Book, tastefully colored, formed its central ornament: the ground-paper was a very rich Chinese vermilion; and the 'red, white, and blue,' prevailed in the farther adornments. - - - It is not our wont, as we think our readers will bear us witness, to speak of our defects and short-comings; but just think of a person, an individual, arrived almost at what is called 'man's estate,' (we should like to see it,) having no knowledge of cards! We never practised with them in our whole life: know nothing about *any* game playable by those same artistic bits of paste-board; and yet we think we have a realizing inkling of the '*Sharp Practice*' recorded below, in a letter from a South-western friend:

'GAMBLING on board our Western river steam-boats is not so much in vogue as in days of yore, but it is by no means entirely abrogated.

'The following '*Sharp Practice*' is said to have occurred on board the steamer *Hannibal*, on the Mississippi, above New-Orleans. A party were engaged at 'Straight Poker,' two of whom were gamblers, professionally, but neither of them known to the other. Not being acquainted with their names, let us call them A. and B. During the evening A. won a 'pile,' principally from B. Again the hands were dealt: sharp betting was ventured by 'all hands,' until A. went '*One Thousand Better.*' A. had dealt; but without hesitation B. 'saw' him, and went '*Two Thousand Better.*' And so the betting proceeded, until fifteen thousand dollars lay upon the board, and B.'s *nigger* stood beside the 'pile' as part of the stake. A.'s money was getting somewhat short, he 'called' B., at the same time throwing down *four Aces and a King*. His hand was arrested in reaching for the prize by B., who coolly laid upon the table *five Aces* and a sixteen-inch Bowie-knife! He took the pot.'

We are the more interested in this, for the reason that Mr. SPARROWGRASS, who *can* play a gentleman-like game of whist—possibly Pochre, may-be Euchre, or Ochre—tells a story, (that will 'make a great laugh at the time,' *any* where,) of the unsophisticated Judge, who listened to certain testimony in relation to a gambling-'muss,' where a man who 'went in *blind*,' and '*saw*' his adversary was severely cross-examined. The learned 'Court' could not understand how a person could 'go in *blind*,' and '*see*' another person. He asked to be enlightened. The question was settled by two 'Experts' taking a seat on each side of the Judge, on the 'Bench,' and showing with a dirty pack of cards how the 'trick' was done. 'Verdict for the Plaintiff.'

As touching the '*Lover up a Tree*,' reader, you are to assume the following SCENE: 'Interior of a spacious garden, in an opulent Southern city. TIME, mid-night. A young gentleman is discovered in first fork of a big Alanthus tree: huge BULL-DOG standing at foot of the same, wagging his tail, and gazing steadfastly at Young Gentleman's boots. YOUNG GENTLEMAN loquitur:

'WELL! here's a situation,
For a young man up a tree:
With a bull-dog standing under,
Looking lovingly at me!

'Treed! by all the darts of CUPID!
Like a 'possum, or a 'coon!
What an aspect for a lover,
By the dim light of the moon!

'Came to serenade my JULIA:
Lightly climbed the garden-wall:
Tuned my guitar 'neath her window,
Yonder where the shadows fall:

'Got as far as 'Sleep, my darling,'
When a deep base 'bow! wow! wow!'
Out of tune and time, saluted me—
I hear its echo now.

'And a snapping, close behind me,
Warned me a foe was near;
So I beat a quick retreat from *there*,
And found a lodgment here!

'As I climbed this smooth Alanthus,
I felt a-something tear:
Let's see: yes, here's a rent behind:
I know how it came there!

'Plague take the canine creature!
Wagging his stiff bob-tail,
As though he thought his narrative
Would finally prevail!

'But such dogmatic arguments
Have no effect on me,
And such waggish illustrations
With my temper do n't agree:

'Yonder where the snowy curtain
In the mellow moon-light shines,
Unconscious of my sad mishap,
My JULIA dear reclines.

'I would not now, for all the world,
That she should see me here,
Dangling in this old Alanthus,
With a white flag in my rear!

'Oh! for a bit of strychnine,
Or some poison of *some* sort!

I'd stop the wagging of that tail,
And all this canine sport!

'T is mid-night, and I hope if now
A ghost is on the jog,
He'll come this way, and frighten off
This most pugnacious dog:

'If fairies in the moon-light dance,
I trust some light carouser
Will come and 'play dog' for a while,
With this infernal BOWSER!

'The merry stars seem laughing
In their places up afar,
But I am looking downward
On a dangerous dog-star:

'When ACTEON looked on DIAN,
With her naked nymphs around,
The angry huntress changed the bold
Intruder to a hound:

'Oh! for the power to change *this* dog
Into a strapping fellow!
I'd 'mount him' in a minute,
And turn his bark to bellow:

'Hark! what is that?—an old tom cat
Around the porch is crawling:
Poor TOM! I've a fellow feline
For your sad caterwauling!

'Now BOWSER hears him!—see he turns;
Seek! catch him! bite him, BOWSER!
Confound the twig! it's fastened in
The rent within my trowser!

'He's gone! and dog and cat are seen
In mad and desperate chase:
'T is a very proper time, I think,
For me to leave this place.

'O JULIA! sleep!—sleep *sound*, my love!
Oh! do not wake just yet,
To view the rent in my trowserloons,
Made by your canine pet;

'And if you *never* wake until
My soft guitar you hear,
You'll slumber till old GABRIEL's horn
Shall break your sleep, my dear!

'TITUS A. PEEP.'

The best of all this is, that it is *true*, every word of it. It records, we are assured, without the slightest exaggeration, an actual occurrence.

'THETA's 'piece' as he calls it, is received. Will he permit us to ask him what it is all about? The opening is immense: but we despair of ascertaining his theme. His 'effort' reminds us of the stuttering Methodist, who 'opened' large at a class-meeting, as follows: 'Breth'ren and sister'n: I've got something to say to you that will ma-ma-make your very h-h-earts ti-ti-tin-gdle, ef I could *only th-th-think of it!*' We had just been reading 'THETA's article, when our friend of '*The Hut*' mentioned this anecdote. It struck us as exactly in point. He has *forgotten his subject*. And such big words! If you want to say that a squinting man 'looks two ways for Sunday,' *say so*: do n't say that he 'scrutinizes in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath.' All these 'elegancies' of language are misplaced and unnatural. - - - A FRIEND who is summering at Plainfield, New-Jersey, writes: 'It may be that you and many of your readers are not aware of the country comforts to be had in this pleasant, quiet town. First, as to the mode of getting here from New-York, take the steam-boat 'Wyoming,' or 'Red Jacket,' at pier Number Two, North River, to Elizabethport; then by the cars of the New-Jersey Central Railroad, to the ancient but now rapidly-growing city of Elizabeth, from which Plainfield is but twelve miles distant: the road passing by the villages of Craneville, West-Farms, and Scotch Plains. The Central Railroad is one of the best managed and successful roads in the country; the western terminus being at Easton, (Pa.) with various connections by which travellers are conveyed to Schooley's Mountain, the Delaware Water-Gap, and the coal-fields of Pennsylvania, whose rich treasures are brought at all seasons to the towns along the line, and to New-York. But to return, Plainfield, as its name indicates, is situated on a level plain at the foot of a range of hills which extend for miles, running nearly north and south. On the summit of one of these, about three miles from the town, is a large rock, from which WASHINGTON reconnoitred the British army, then in the vicinity of New-York. The town is regularly laid out, has many charming residences, beautiful drives, fine scenery, and an abundance of all kinds of fruit. It is about one hour and forty minutes from New-York by the boat and cars, and the trip is, in all, one of the pleasantest in your vicinity. New-Jersey is remarkable for its variety of soil and mineral wealth, and in its undulating surface, beautiful vales, and rugged hills, you will find scenes of surpassing beauty. Come over and see us, and bring your friends, and judge for yourself.' We mean to *do* it, and soon. - - - CHARLES G. LELAND, of Philadelphia, 'MEISTER KARL' and 'MACE SLOPER' of the KNICKERBOCKER, is not only an accomplished scholar and an admirable writer in any vein which he essays, but he is the most industrious of authors. See what he is doing: translating HEINE, (praised of the best critics in England, as well as at home:) writing articles for our Magazine, which *we* at least need not praise: editing, or largely *assisting* to edit, the 'Morning' and 'Evening' '*Bulletin*,' of Mr. CUMMINGS, in Philadelphia, a journal of wonderful success: and 'secondarily, fourthly, and lastly,' having the entire editorial control of *Graham's Illustrated Magazine!* Think of that work for one man, and

that work well and faithfully done. Who are the 'working men' in the community, if MEISTER KARL is not one? - - - 'As I know the fondness of the ancient KNICKERBOCKER for stories of little children,' writes JOHN PHOENIX, (ah! ha! — 'are you there, old TRUEPENNY?') 'I venture to contribute the following, which, beside its rare merit as an actual occurrence, conveys a useful lesson to mothers; if, as BUNSBY has it, 'the bearings lie in the application thereof.' Small JOE L — was playing one sunny morning in a yard at the rear of his residence, when essaying to cast a stone high in air, he found he had miscalculated his strength, or the weight of the stone, as that missile slipped from his fingers, and taking an entirely different direction from that intended, went whack through a pane of glass in the neighbor's window. Mrs. CONNOLLY, who was engaged in washing in the kitchen, hearing the smash of glass in her spare room, rushed hastily to the scene of action, and through the broken pane beheld JOE in active retreat.irate and indignant, the injured matron sought the presence of Mrs. L —, and straight poured forth the story of her wrongs. Mrs. L — assumed a dignified air; the culprit was called to 'the presence;' and the inquest on the departed pane commenced. 'JOSEPH,' said Mrs. L —, with awful solemnity, 'did you break the glass in Mrs. CONNOLLY's window?' 'Yes'm,' replied JOE with promptitude. 'JOSEPH,' said Mrs. L —, 'if you broke that pane of glass, I shall certainly correct you: did you break it, Sir?' JOE hesitated, but conscience was powerful, and he replied that he did. Mrs. L — took a stick from the mantel-piece: 'JOSEPH,' said she, 'if you broke that glass I shall correct you most severely: I ask again, did you break it?' JOE looked at his mother; he looked at the stick; and hanging his head, he murmured: 'No, ma'am.' 'There!' said Mrs. L —, triumphantly, 'that boy never told me a lie in his life. I know'd he never broke no window: 'speat your little GUSTER broke it: she hove a stone clear over our fence yesterday.' That's a good style of encouraging truthfulness in a child, 'we don't think!' - - - THE present number was all set up on the return of our Publisher from the grand excursion on the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad from Cincinnati to St. Louis. His sketch of his trip, which was full of interest, will be given in our next. - - - THIS present *issuo*, dear reader, begins the FIFTIETH Volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, and we are pleased to say that the circle of its readers has never been so large, or so numerous as at this time. Gratifying as this fact is, we should not object at all if our monthly visits could extend to double the present number. We do not pretend to rival *Harper*, or *Putnam*, or any other, but give only original articles and occasional illustrations, which, with the individuality which has always been a prominent and popular feature of our Magazine, is all we can do to gain the public favor. If all our readers were *paying subscribers*, we should be rich. If each one who does pay for it now, would induce *one* friend to go and do likewise, there would be more than one day of jubilee in Cedar-Hill Cottage. Need we say more?

Brief Notices of New Publications.

VERSE MEMORIALS, is the modest title of a splendid volume of Poems, by General MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, Ex-President of Texas. We were not aware till now, that General LAMAR was, to such an extent, a worshipper of the Muse. The volume (which we have just received as we write this, and therefore cannot speak of the contents) is one of the finest specimens of book-making of the day. It has a beautiful and striking portrait of General LAMAR, and will, no doubt, be most welcome to his many friends here and in the South and West. W. P. FETRIDGE AND COMPANY, Publishers.

NOTHING TO WEAR, a short but beautiful poem, from the pen of a promising young lawyer of our city, a son of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, Esq., has just been issued in book-form by RUDD AND CARLTON, 312 Broadway. The volume is beautifully printed, and quite profusely illustrated with outline engravings from drawings by HOPPIN, which come nearer to DARLEY than any thing we have seen. The moral of this poem should have a good influence in these days of extravagance, and we hope all our fair readers will get the book and ponder well its lessons.

THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF THE SOUTH, AND HOW TO MEET IT, by HINTON ROWAN HELPER, of North-Carolina, has just been issued by BURDICK AND BROTHERS, Number Eight Spruce-street.

MR. FRANK FORRESTER's splendid work upon '*The Horse*,' recently noticed at large in these pages, is rapidly advancing through the press of Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND. Nothing *approaching* its excellence, in engravings, paper, binding, etc., has ever been attempted in this country. But all this we have said before. What we wish *now* to say to all our readers, hereabout 'and elsewhere,' is, that our friend Mr. HAWES, a 'gentleman by nature,' as well as 'born and bred,' is *the* authorized agent of the work, than whom a more effective or courteous could not be found.

We shall take occasion, life and health permitting, to speak in a subsequent number of '*Tent-Life in the Holy Land*' by WILLIAM C. PRIME, recently published by the HARPERS. We read it at a late hour; and are too well pleased with it to do it the injustice of a hasty and undeliberate notice. It is an admirable, natural book.

HUNTER'S PANORAMIC GUIDE FROM NIAGARA TO QUEBEC, published by J. P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, of Boston, will supply an important desideratum to the tourist who visits Niagara and the St. Lawrence: for it presents a *Panoramic or Picture-Map* of all the most celebrated and picturesque points along this noble river. The author, through a variety of difficulties, and at great expense, has made a satisfactory work; and he will have little cause, we trust, to regret his attempt to bring before the public this '*Panoramic Guide from Niagara to Quebec*.' The country embraced in the range of this illustrated scenery has been fully explored and noticed by other travellers: hence long descriptions of the different towns and villages have very properly been omitted. The Panorama itself will be found to condense all the important matter within a very small space.'



Dr. J. Mitchell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

